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THE NEW YORKER

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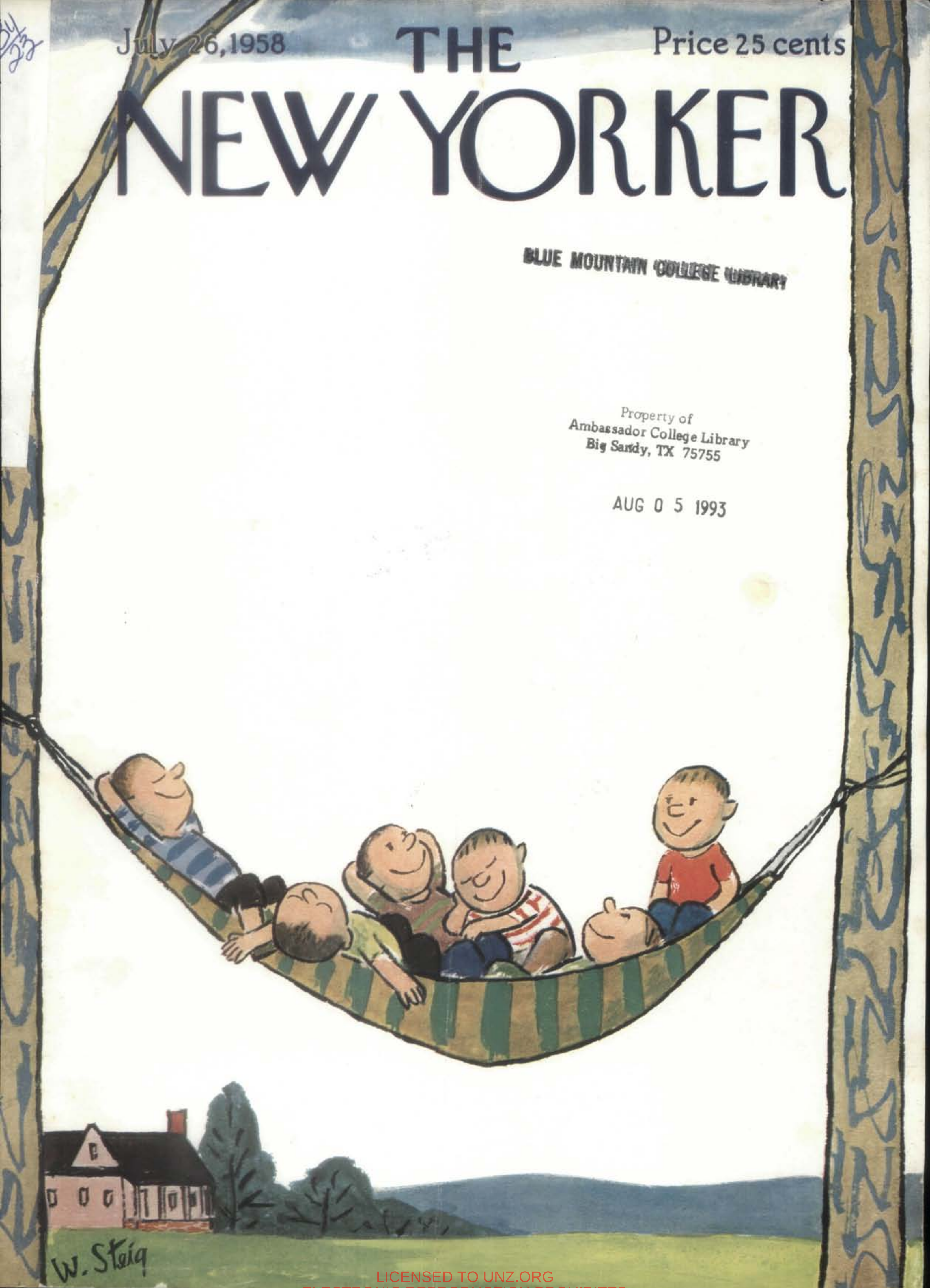

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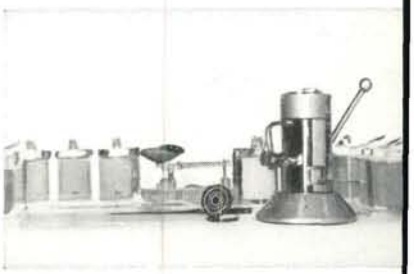

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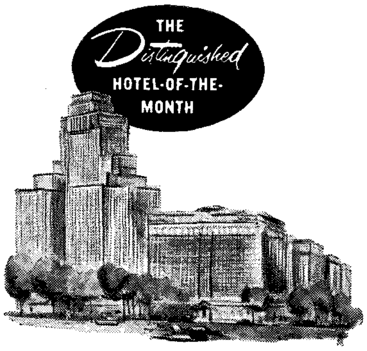

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HOTELS
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Blue Denim—June Walker, Chester Morris, and some interesting younger actors in a play by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble that assays about sixty per cent honest realism and forty per cent smooth staging. In this case, on the whole, an effective blend. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—Maybe William Inge has tried to crowd a little too much into his play about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago, but the drama is quite compelling just the same. Under Elia Kazan's direction, the cast, led by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart, performs with notable skill. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Homeward, Angel—While Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel has some of the faults inevitable in such a major condensation, it is still a work of unusual power and stature. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Say, Darling—This very successful backstage comedy is partly the work of Richard Bissell, who also wrote the novel on which it is based. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne contributed nine songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond head the large and gifted cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Dore Schary's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency is excellent historical drama, written with unusual vigor and taste. Ralph Bellamy gives a most remarkable performance in the central role, and he is admirably supported by a cast that includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Dana Andrews (who has replaced Henry Fonda) and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx. Mr. Gibson clearly has a sharp ability to reproduce authentic dialogue. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, and Larry Blyden head an expert cast in an expert, if highly gymnastic, play by Norman Krasna. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**look back in anger:** The chief figure in this play by John Osborne is a young man who is down on everything and everybody. In the current cast are Donald Madden and Susan Oliver. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **romanoff and juliet:** Peter Ustinov's fantasy about love and confusion in one of those mythical kingdoms. Tom Poston has taken over from the author as the storm center of the commotion. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's agreeable excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. Simple, amiable, and noisy, the musical stars Robert Preston, as a fast operator who is redeemed by contact with prairie integrity. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Closed for three weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Shubert Theatre, 44th St., W., on Monday, Aug. 11. . . . **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes plays Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **west side story:** The story of Romeo and Juliet, restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Larry Kert, Carol Lawrence, Mickey Calin, and Ken LeRoy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, July 25: "Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, July 31, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico García Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Comic Strip—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk, Tom Pedi, Michael Constantine, and Loretta Fury. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Guests of the Nation—Frank O'Connor's short story, adapted by Neil McKenzie. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" serves as a curtain-raiser. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara, Helena Carroll, and Paul Ballantyne. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Jerry Orbach and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—An adaptation, by Padraic Colum, of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." The cast includes Zero Mostel and Robert Brown. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Othello," with William Marshall and Robert Geiringer. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park, at about 81st St. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, July 26.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—A revival of "Song of Norway," involving a cast of some two hundred (headed by Stephen Douglass, Brenda Lewis, Robert Rounseville, Helena Scott, and Erik Rhodes), not to mention a seventy-foot Viking ship, a water ballet, an ice show, and fireworks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 2-1619.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Andover—Through Saturday, July 26: Don Ameche in "Holiday for Lovers." Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Veronica Lake in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N. J. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, July 26: "Girl Crazy." Starting Monday, July 28: "Can-

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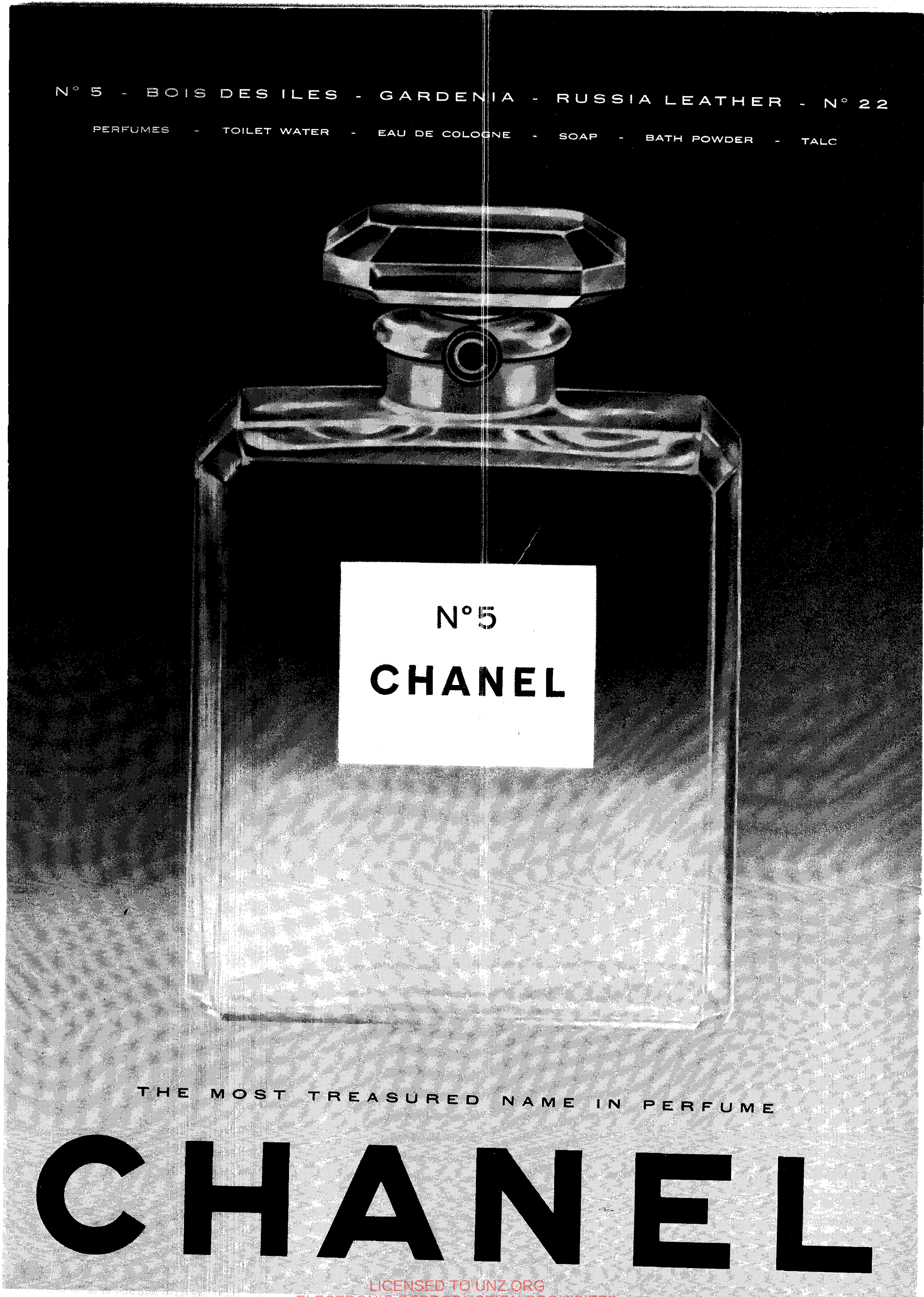
N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22
PERFUMES - TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC
N°5
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CHANEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Can.” (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, July 26: Ethel Barrymore Colt in “The Boy Friend.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: “A Visit to a Small Planet.” (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, July 26: “Happy Hunting.” Starting Monday, July 28: “Fanny.” (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, July 26: Celeste Holm in “The Third Best Sport,” a new play. Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in “Triple Play.” (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, July 26: Bert Lahr in “A Visit to a Small Planet.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Ella Logan in “Maggie.” (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

Falmouth—Through Saturday, July 26: Margaret Sullavan and Joseph Cotten in “Sabrina Fair.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Basil Rathbone and Geraldine Page in “Separate Tables.” (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Fishkill—Through Sunday, July 27: “The Matchmaker.” Tuesday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 3: “Middle of the Night.” (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:15.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, July 26: “No Time for Sergeants.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: “Mister Roberts.” (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 2: “Fanny.” (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Ivoryton—Through Saturday, July 26: Ann Sheridan in “Kind Sir.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Don Ameche in “Holiday for Lovers.” (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:45, and Saturdays at 6 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Kennebunkport—Through Saturday, July 26: “Kiss Me, Kate.” Wednesday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 2: “The Land of Smiles.” (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Lake Mahopac—Through Sunday, July 27: “Time of Storm,” a new play. Wednesday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 3: “The Seven Year Itch.” (Putnam County Playhouse, Lake Mahopac, N.Y. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 3: Sylvia Sidney in “Auntie Mame.” (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 5 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays at 2:40.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, July 26: Dody Goodman in “Dulcy.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Burgess Meredith in “The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker.” (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—“Damn Yankees.” (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Monmouth—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Through Saturday, July 26: “The Merry Widow.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: “The Mikado.” (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, July 26: John Baragrey in “The Devil's Disciple.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Ann Harding and Gig Young in “September Tide.” (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, July 26: “Middle of the Night.” Starting Monday, July 28: “Dear Barbarians.” (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, July 26: Burgess Meredith in “The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Celeste Holm in “The Third Best Sport,” a new play. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, July 27: “Inherit the Wind.” Tuesday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 3: “The Matchmaker.” (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, July 26: “The Cave Dwellers.” Starting Wednesday, July 30: “Candida.” (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

Saratoga Springs—Through Saturday, July 26: Victor Jory in “The Happiest Millionaire.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: James Mason and Pamela Kellino in “Mid-Summer.” (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, July 26: Faye Emerson in “Tonight at 8:30.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: “Damn Yankees.” (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, July 26: “Noah.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: “The Constant Wife.” (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Ethel Barrymore Colt will appear in a single performance of “Curtain's Up” on Friday, Aug. 1, at 2:30.)

Stratford—“A Midsummer Night's Dream,” with June Havoc, Hiram Sherman, and Inga Swenson: Thursday, July 24, at 8:30; Sunday, July 27, at 3; Tuesday, July 29, at 8:30; Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 2, at 3. . . . ¶ “The Winter's Tale,” with Nancy Marchand and Richard Waring: Friday, July 25, at 8:30; Saturday, July 26, at 3; Wednesday, July 30, at 3; Thursday, July 31, at 8:30; and Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30. . . . ¶ “Hamlet,” with Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Morris Carnovsky: Saturday, July 26, at 8, and Wednesday, July 30, at 8. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. For tickets, call CI 5-3110.)

Wallingford—Through Saturday, July 26: Joan Blondell in “New Girl in Town.” Starting Monday, July 28: “The Most Happy Fella.” (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9:30. On Sunday, July 27, at 8, there will be a jazz concert involving Billie Holiday, Red Allen, Coleman Hawkins, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, J. C. Higginbotham, Marty Napoleon, Benny Moten, Benny Morton, and others.)

Westbury—Through Sunday, Aug. 3: “Porgy and Bess.” (Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Westport—Through Saturday, July 26: Groucho Marx in “Time for Elizabeth.” Monday through Saturday, July 28-Aug. 2: Dody Goodman in “Dulcy.” (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturday, July 26, at 2:40 and 8:40; and Saturday, Aug. 2, at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, July 27: “The Matchmaker.” Tuesday through Sunday, July 29-Aug. 3: “Compulsion.” (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

Note—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 26: The Ximenez-Vargas Spanish Ballet Company. Tuesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 2: The Atlanta Civic Ballet and Mata and Hari. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—There are times when it looks like Academy Award night; there are times when it looks like the opening of the Met. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra buzz like mad until curfew. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper. Renato Rossini, whose guitar makes Latin seem anything but a dead language, intervenes once in a while. His night of rest is Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, an idyllic way to pass the summer, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Lenny Herman's orchestra is champing at the bit. Closed Sundays.

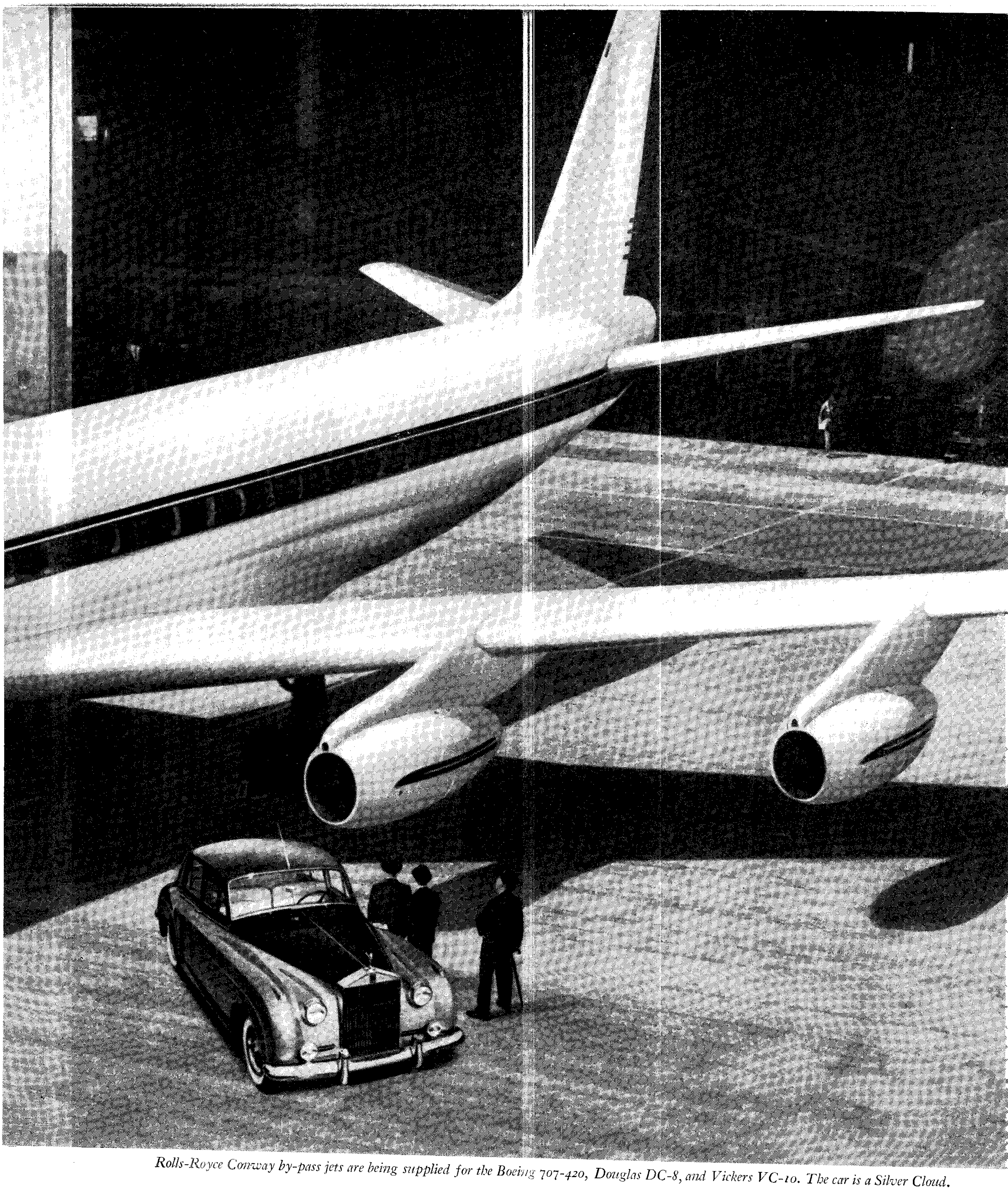
St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Up above the world so high is this land of milk (well, Liebfraumilch) and honey (the small dance ensembles of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari). Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, where Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play, after nine, for dancing, closes for the season on Saturday, July 26.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—On an open-air terrace next door to what passes in this town for a green pasture, Milton Saunders' orchestra and Monchito's Caribbean band tootle away for dear life and for dancing after eight on weekdays and after seven on Sundays, courtesy of the Weather Bureau. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Los Chavales de España, a fine body of men, are on the Starlight Roof, cast-



Rolls-Royce Conway by-pass jets are being supplied for the Boeing 707-420, Douglas DC-8, and Vickers VC-10. The car is a Silver Cloud.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ing impassioned Iberian words, music, and sheep's eyes at the guests. Luis Tamayo is the most imperious of these hidalgos, Trini Reyes (of the flying feet) is their mascot. Their last night is Saturday, July 26. Nothing doing Sunday, and a new cast of characters is due the day after. . . . ¶ Weekdays, between eight and one, a group run by Jozsi Ribari plunks down music for listening in the opulent reaches of Peacock Alley. Sundays, from eight to twelve, Béla Babai's band provides music for dancing.

NOTE—At the pinnacle of one of Ilium's topless towers is the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) where cocktails are provided. From any window table, you can watch what's left of old New York being torn limb from limb while Joseph Sudy's not very solemn trio plays martyr music. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The old order (which happens to be a good one) never changes—the piano of Addison Bailey, who has been the cocktail, dinner, and supper music master here for many years, presiding over a bit of formal gardening that is almost Regency in feeling. John Kelley, Jr., is the Sunday handyman. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Designed and operated for those who are up at the crack of the sunset gun. Music for the setting-up exercises is made by the piano of Al Mello, a new man, and a good one. He starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' general store, which has certain attributes of a bar-and-grill, stays open late for the benefit of the neighborhood youngsters. Mr. Hawkins sits at one of the two pianos, the other of which is staffed by Wayne Sanders. They're in action, singly or in tandem, from five until dawn. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, singing songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) love is where you find it, and (2) you'd better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong equerry, is her pianist. Miss Mercer starts around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Florentine gardens the name brings to mind are present only in spirit, but everything tangible is Florentine in actuality, including the *padrone,* Arturo Sacco, for fifteen years viceroy of the Blue Angel. Pellucid piano, by Dick Hankinson, decorates the premises from dinner until a fairly wee hour. After the theatre, there's also a song recital by Dean Sheldon, a virtuoso tenor who gives his more sombre arias some Grand Guignol trappings, and Pat Paterno, a baritone who is more resonant than anything else. Closed Mondays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Sooner or later, everyone comes back through this crossroads-of-the-world restaurant, and, sure enough, Cy Walter, of the light, fantastic fingers, is again at play on the piano from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **UPSTAIRS-DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The most recent, and the most picturesque, gazebo erected by Julius Monk in furtherance of his scheme for making night life simultaneously comfortable and scatterbrained. Alice Ghostley, a bewitched *diseuse,* and Don Evans and Carl Norman, upper-echelon pianists, are the dramatis personae. The bar opens at five, the merrymaking starts at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman amphitheatre at times, but mostly a resplendent way of meeting up with Lucullus, Bacchus, and other senior citizens. Theo Fanidi's travelling rout of string musicians is ubiquitous and mellifluous. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The table-side violin of the ageless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household crammed with reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it was when Carmen had a day off from the cigarette factory; i.e., plenty of singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): This little Spanish town and its minute conservatory of indigenous instrumental harmonics (particular attention is paid to flamenco) are again observing visiting hours, and fairly late ones at that. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The farthest west, and the farthest out, of the town's art galleries. Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else is Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, which is now much higher on the upbeat, starts at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urban eye could wish. The major punctuation is piano at intervals from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory, largely British and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, an ornate nook in an ornate restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a mixture of executive suite, board room, and peacock alley, has piano from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, and piano music down front all evening. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Misses' underwear, bathing suits, and negligees, as well as enough misses to occupy them. The occasion is a good old-fashioned extravaganza, by turn musical, acrobatic, terpsichorean, scenic, and Dionysian. The principal girl is Kathryn Grayson, who sings solemnly but beautifully; the principal boy is Jack Durant, who laughs harder than anyone else at his jokes. As of Thursday, July 31, the principals will be François and Giselle Szony, dancers whose poetry of motion is in the classic hexameter. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Life in America as seen through the eyes of two sensitive (and amusing) sociologists, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who, among other things, compose plays about the subject matter on the spur of the moment (two authors, no waiting). On hand, too, are Dorothy Loudon, sinking her sharp little teeth into songs worthy of being touched only with ten-foot poles; the Buffalo Bills, the "Music Man's" barbershop quartet; and Reneaux, a palmist who can make a dozen doves grow where none grew before. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard set the tempo for this motley crew. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A Village version of the "1812 Overture," in which the lyric Mae Barnes supplies the cannons' roar and the Three Flames (Tiger Haynes among them) supply the other cacophony, goes on late at night. Felicia Sanders, whose love songs are often bundles of nervous energy, is just about as intense. Jimmie Daniels, the inventor of this inn, is more bland, more *dégagé,* as he does his world-weary ballads. Murray Grand is the interlude pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The Troupers, a triad of performers slightly above the amateur-theatricals stage, inhabit the bar and provide most of the talk and all of the singing. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their twin pianos. Sundays, there are silent movies and no Troupers. . . . **SHOWPLACE,** 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Up one flight of stairs, in a space no bigger than a hall bedroom, four young folk (the best of them a nightingale named Fia Karin) romp through a series of skits endowed with a fair amount of common sense and airy nonsense. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): The back porch of the Midtown Café is now devoted to casual meetings of guitar fans, whose aim is to hear Anita Sheer play and sing flamenco, which she does with eerie skill, and Glenn Yarborough play and sing Anglo-Saxon regional music, some of which is great fun. All quiet on Sundays.

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MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The famous Condon health farm, with its rigid regimen—Labatt's India Pale Ale, roast beef, and jazz with plenty of sulphur and molasses. Mr. Condon is supported in this worthy endeavor by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The favorite topic is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis has added some brass fittings to his air-cooling machinery; i.e., Cannonball Adderley and John Coltrane, the saxophone boys. Along with the Davis sextet comes Ethel Ennis, late of Benny Goodman's Brussels band. She sings. Sundays there are matinées at four as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Another assembly hall for America's most famous native industry. The décor, which ranges from Louis XIV to Joe E. Lewis, may leave you breathless. Barbara Carroll, the fairest of them all, decorates the podium, the piano, and her trio (progress interlaced with compassion) when Eddie Heywood and his two sidemen aren't tending strictly to their business, which is rhythm. An international regatta begins on Monday, July 28, when the foursome of Peter Appleyard, the British vibes man, and the Australian Jazz Quartet, which hasn't been heard hereabouts in— well, a kangaroo's age, take over. The place is open every night but Sunday. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Venerable troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): At the back end of this little school of modern thought, the threesome of Marian McPartland, a pianist of several moods, all the way from meditation to ring-out-the-bells, is in charge. There's also a trio led by Gene Rogers. The McPartlands will stay home Sunday, the Rogerses will stay home Monday. On Thursday, July 31, Bernard Peiffer's three-man squad will replace the Rogers group. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Pee Wee Erwin band, which has hot feet, is thoroughly at home on this range. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A stadium filled with spectator sportsmen of fierce absorption. Dave Brubeck (who can't always be distinguished from Johann Sebastian Brubeck) and his acolytes, among them Paul Desmond, are carrying the torch for hard classicism; Sonny Rollins' trio is carrying the torch for hard bop. They finish the job of mopping and bopping up on Wednesday, July 30. Next night, Johnny Richards' orchestra and Jimmy Forrest's quintet arrive. The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Toshiko Akiyoshi, a native of Japan who plays new-school piano like a native of Birdland, is showing her trio to great advantage inside the oval bar. Zero hour is nine-thirty, and there is no action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered by such aged-in-the-vat minstrels as Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Herb Fleming. The uproar is just about continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon hold a group discussion with Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin, and Charlie Shavers. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Weekend youth therapy, performed loud and offhand. Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, the bulls in the china shop will probably be Max Kaminsky, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, J. C. Higginbotham, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): More an open forum than a listening post nowadays. The professional portion of the noise is the result of a trio led by Teddy Wilson, the most successful practitioner of the unflagging Teddy Wilson method of pianism, and a quartet headed by Jonah Jones, who grows fairly high on the trumpet vine. Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Tony Scott, who plays clarinet like an avenging angel, is in charge of the quintet of desperadoes now occupying this hero-sandwich parlor. Mondays, the room is dark. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Greenwich Village of "The Iceman Cometh" period and décor, but full of questing youth. The accompanying jazz, which is over the hills and far away, comes from the quintet of Thelonious Monk, whose office hours are rarely the same on two consecutive evenings. Mondays are assigned to Mal Waldron's band. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A foursome of innocent wayfarers known as the Commuters makes dance music, and (Fridays and Saturdays) a girl named Helen Streiff warbles with heart and soul after ten in the evening. They stand beside a parquet of cozy dimensions that adorns the ground floor of the Hotel Duane. Closed Sundays.

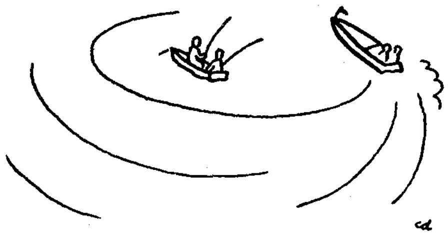
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

THE THREE UTRILLOS—Paintings by Maurice Utrillo; his mother, Suzanne Valadon; and his widow, Lucie Valore. Through Aug. 29. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Jack Levine, Yutaka Ohashi, and Richard Hunt; through Thursday, July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: The eleventh annual travelling exhibition, consisting of paintings by Margit Beck, William Chaiken, Tom Clancy, and others; through Thursday, July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A summer exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such artists as Nancy Ellen Craig, Hovsep Pushman, and John Costigan; through Sept. 26. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57th St.: Portraits, 1755-1815, by James Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and others; through Thursday, July 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Still-lifes by twentieth-century painters (Maurice Prendergast, William Glackens, John Heliker, and so on); through Friday, July 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **NORDNESS,** 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with works by eleven artists, among them Mitchell Siporin, Karl Zerbe, and Abbott Pattison; through Aug. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Harry Crowley, Paul Riba, and other gallery artists; through Saturday, July 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: John Grillo, Boris Aronson, Joseph Konzal, and others, each represented by a single painting or sculpture; through Aug. 22.



AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Hyman Bloom, Leonid, Ben Nicholson, and others; through Friday, July 25. . . . **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES,** 41 E. 57th St.: Matisse, Kirchner, David Smith, and other painters and sculptors; through Friday, July 25. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings and water colors over the years, from fifteenth-century French and Italian works to present-day American ones, and including examples by Delacroix, Boucher, Fragonard, and Homer; through Thursday, July 31. . . . **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists ranging from Rodin to Morandi; through Aug. 29.

JAPANESE; GROUP SHOW—Kenzo Okada, Genichiro Inokuma, Tadashi Sato, and four other painters; through Thursday, July 31. (Graham, Third Floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CHINESE FOLK ART—Nineteenth-century block prints, lavishly hand-colored and vividly illustrative of the everyday life of the period; through Oct. 18. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Prints by Jacques Callot (1592-1635) and Honoré Daumier (1808-79); through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ A summer loan exhibition of a hundred and forty-five privately owned paintings, dating from Veronese and El Greco to Braque and Picasso; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum will be closed until early fall for carpentry and such.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by artists living or teaching in Brooklyn and Long Island (John von Wicht, Sidney Gordin, and Audrey Schwartz, to mention a few); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—About twenty recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Maillol, Paolozzi, Miró, and others; through Aug. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Oil paintings, depicting New York City between 1850 and 1950, by such artists as Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, Ben Shahn, and Georgia O'Keeffe; through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of ceramics, textiles, enamels, and wood and metal work by craftsmen under thirty from across the country; through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

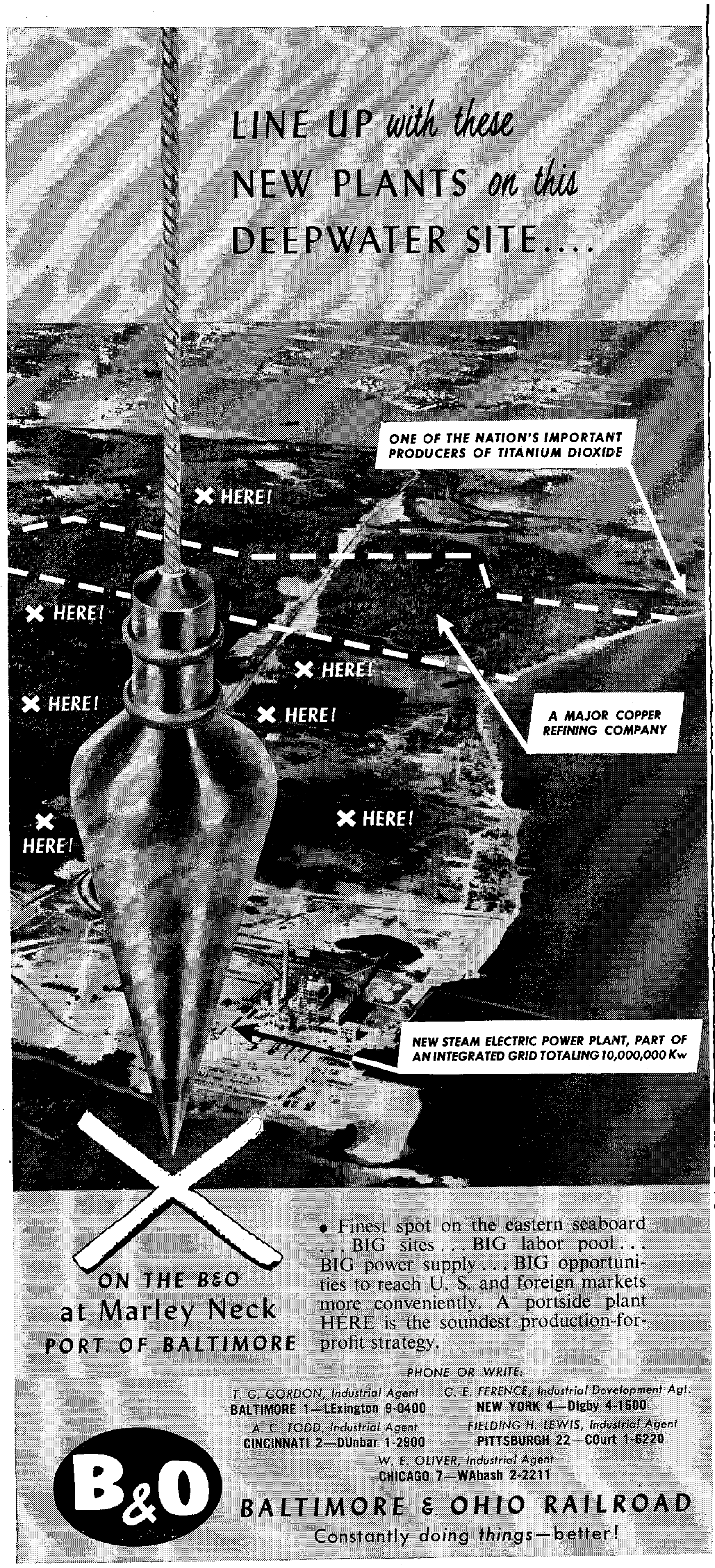
WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—From the Museum's permanent collection, a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, Ad Reinhardt, and Isamu Noguchi; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: "Art Schools U.S.A., 1958," consisting of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by undergraduates and, to mark the tenth anniversary of this series, current examples by selected 1948 graduates; through Sept. 28. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5.) . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: "Pleasures of Summer" is the theme of a loan exhibition of paintings and drawings, ranging from early Chinese to modern American; through Aug. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: The twelfth annual jury show (paintings and sculptures); through Aug. 10. (Daily, 1 to 5.) . . . **NEW CANAAN, CONN.** Silvermine Guild of Artists: Paintings by H. Lee Hirsche; through Wednesday, July 30. . . . ¶ Works by five young new members, plus paintings by Emma Ehrenreich, and sculptures by Alma Kline; starting Sunday, July 27. (Daily, 12:30 to 5:30.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Museum of Art of Ogunquit: Paintings by Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956), sculptures by John B. Flannagan (1895-1942), aquatints by Mary Cassatt (1855-1926), and sculptures and paintings by "Americans of Our Times;" through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1:30 to 8.) . . . ¶ Ogunquit Art Center: Gladys Rockmore Davis, Gordon Grant, and Xavier Gonzalez are among the artists represented in a showing of oils, water colors, and temperas; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Chrysler Art Museum: The newly opened museum of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., containing seventy-six paintings (from Hieronymus Bosch and Lucas Cranach to Picasso and Hans Hofmann) and a number of sculptures (by Renoir, Degas, Rodin, and others); through Sept. 30. (Daily, 10 to 9.) . . . **ROCKPORT, MASS.** Rockport Art Association: Part II of the thirty-eighth annual exhibition, comprising works in a variety of mediums by, among others, Umberto Romano, Jerri Ricci, and Stow Wengenroth; through Aug. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 24: The Stadium will be given over to a jazz program by Duke Ellington and his orchestra and Gerry Mulligan. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26: Josef Krips conducting a program of Viennese music, with Hilde Gueden, soprano. . . . ¶ Monday, July 28: Alfredo Antonini conducting an all-Verdi program, with Roberta Peters, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; Jan Peerce, tenor; and Carl Palangi, bass-baritone. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29: Samuel Matlovsky conducting a program of American music; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30: Samuel Matlovsky conducting, with Harold Cone, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31: Samuel Matlovsky conducting a program of Kurt Weill's music, with Lotte Lenya, singing actress. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2: Salvatore Dell'Isola directing a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Elaine Malbin, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; William Tabbert, tenor; Jack Russell, baritone; and a chorus. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 4: Thor Johnson conducting, with Van Cliburn, piano. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 15. Robert Russell Bennett will share in the conducting on Sunday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Franz Bibo conducting the City Symphony Orchestra, with Ramy Shevelov, violin. The last in a series of four concerts. (Saturday, July 26, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Ariel Rubstein conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Thruston Johnson, violin. (Thursday, July 31, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Helen Kwalwasser, violin. (Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30.)

Salmaggi Outdoor Opera—"Aïda." (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Tentatively scheduled for Saturday, July 26, at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 25, at 8:30: Pierre Monteux conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Byron Janis, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30, at 8:30: A chamber-music concert by the Kroll Quartet. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony, with Margaret Harshaw, soprano, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Leonard Pennario, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting an all-Wagner program, with Margaret Harshaw, soprano. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 4-5, at 8:30: Rossini's opera "Count Ory," in an English version by Robert A. Simon. Presented by students of the Opera Department of the Berkshire Music Center and produced by Boris Goldovsky. For information about opera tickets, which are very scarce and must be procured at least a week in advance, address the Berkshire Music Center. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 10.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Thursday, July 24, at 8:30: Anita O'Day and her trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 3:30: Marais and Miranda. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 8:30: Oscar Peterson's trio. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29, at 8:30: Dakota Staton, jazz and blues singer. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31, at 8:30: Stan Rubin's Tigertown Five. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 3:30: Tom Lehrer, satiric songs. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: The Modern Jazz Quartet. (Lenox, Mass.)

Castle Hill Concerts—Friday and Saturday, July 25-26: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, duo piano, and Rawn Spearman, baritone. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

Chautauqua—Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra—Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: An all-Mendelssohn program, with Henry Rauch, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 3: No soloists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29, at 8:30: With Margaret Holden, piano, and Eric Friedman, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30, at 8:30: A pop concert of music from operas; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: With Eric Friedman, violin. (Chautauqua, N.Y.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet, with Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer, and Natasha Magg, piano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 27, at 4.)

Great South Bay Jazz Festival—Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Rex Stewart, Ben Webster, Joe Turner, the Modern Jazz Quartet, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 6:30: Chris Connor, Mundell Lowe, the Gerry Mulligan quartet (with Art Farmer), Willie the Lion Smith, Miff Mole, Maxine Sullivan, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8:30: The Charlie Mingus Jazz Workshop Quintet, Rex Stewart and his Fletcher Henderson All-Stars, the South Huntington Junior High School Band, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday,

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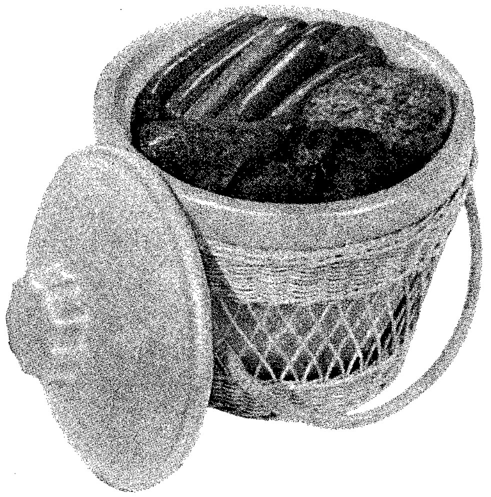
Cook's best friend, B. F. Goodrich 'Nicer helps coordinate meals... keeps food hot till everything's ready.

Mixes well... its smart, simple design puts B. F. Goodrich 'Nicer at ease with any decor... on any occasion.

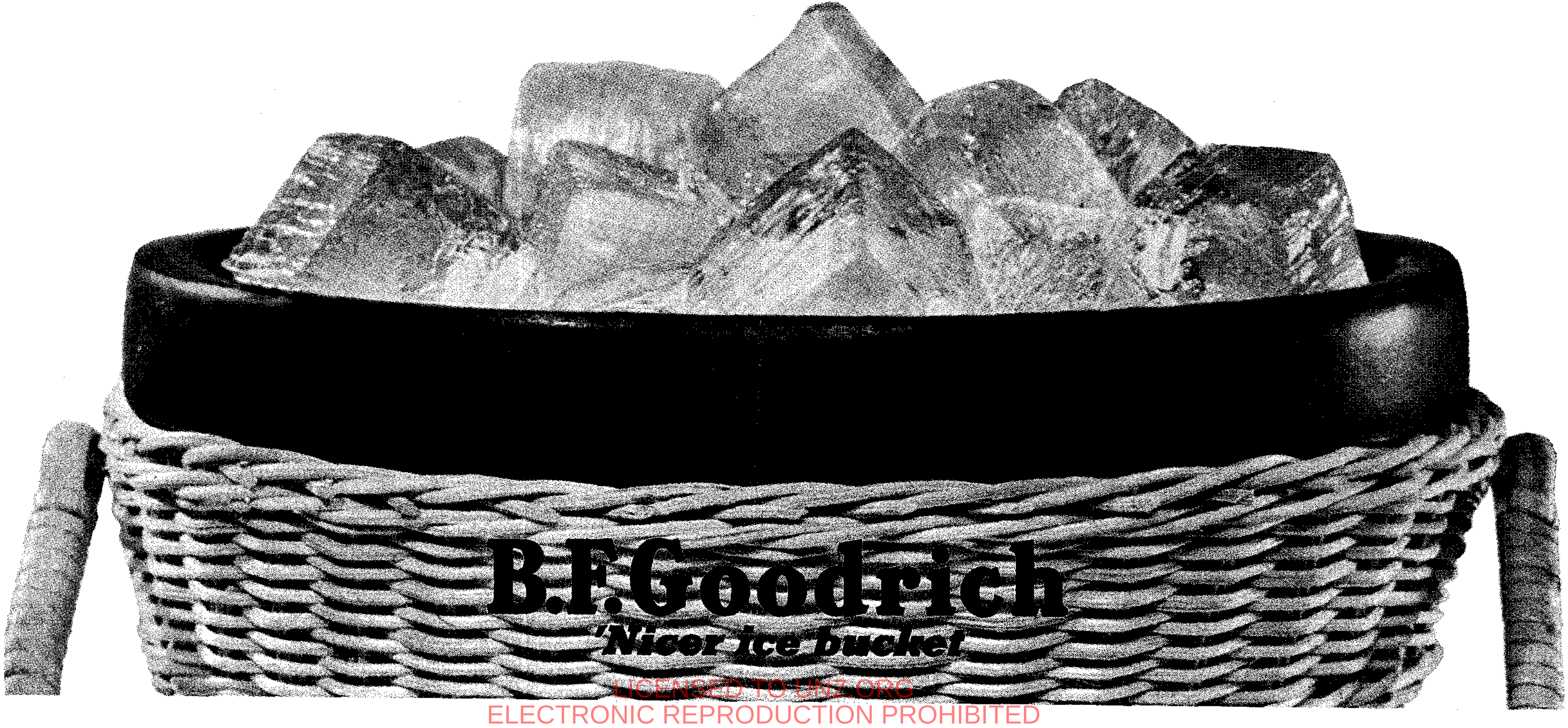
A bucket of beer, B. F. Goodrich style . . . no fragile liner to break . . . just lid and bucket of flexible PVC.

. . . quick change artist

B. F. Goodrich 'Nicer is quite a keeper, but ice is its forte. First, last, and always . . . B. F. Goodrich 'Nicer keeps ice longer than any other bucket regardless of price. Made of miracle PVC, it's light, clean, won't rust or absorb odors. $9.95 with basket in colors shown, at most department and gift stores. The B. F. Goodrich Company, 417 Derby Place, Shelton, Connecticut.



A good traveling companion, unbreakable B. F. Goodrich 'Nicer goes to a cookout with food refrigerator cold.



The only sundowner fit for a Sahib is *Gin-and-Schweppes!*

TONIC MIXER
Schweppes
QUININE WATER

GUESS where this picture was taken. Bombay? Bangalore? Ceylon?

Well, you're wrong. The scene is New York, N. Y.—backstage at a Broadway musical. And the dark-eyed odalisque with Commander Whitehead is dancer Beatrice Kraft.

But the Tonic in Commander Whitehead's drink is absolutely authentic. The very same *Schweppes* Tonic that is being drunk in Bombay and Bangalore and Ceylon—right this minute.

Schweppes is *internationally* famous as the authentic Gin-and-Tonic mixer.

Small wonder. It has taken the Schweppes people over a century to bring their Tonic to its present bitter-sweet perfection. And to develop Schweppervescence — little bubbles that *last your whole drink through*.

But it will take *you* only seconds to mix Schweppes with Gin or Vodka, and add ice. Then, dear reader, you will taste the most refreshing drink known to civilized man.

Sundowner: First drink of the evening.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Aug. 2, at 8:30: Slim Gaillard, Slam Stewart, Tiny Grimes, the Cecil Taylor quintet, and the Dave Brubeck quartet (with Paul Desmond). . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 6:30: The Pepper Adams quintet (with Kenny Burrell), the Mose Allison trio, and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Timber Grove Club, East Islip, L.I.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Gene Fullmer vs. Franz Szuzina, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Wednesday, July 30. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Golf—New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Yahnundasis Country Club, Utica. Through Sunday, July 27.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Knollwood Country Club, White Plains. Thursday and Friday, July 24-25.) . . . ¶ P.G.A. Eastern Open Championship. (Baltimore, Md. Thursday through Sunday, July 24-27.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Pelham Country Club, Pelham Manor. Wednesday through Saturday, July 30-Aug. 2.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Jericho. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase.

Racing—At **JAMAICA**: Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, July 29. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 26, and the Wilson Handicap, Tuesday, July 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 6. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, Aug. 2. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.) . . . **SARATOGA SPRINGS**: Weekdays at 2, from Thursday, July 31, through Wednesday, Aug. 27. The Flash, Thursday, July 31, and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 2.

Tennis—New Jersey State Women's Championships. (Berkeley Tennis Club, Orange, N.J. Through Saturday, July 26.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L. I. Monday through Sunday, July 28-Aug. 3.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays at 6:35 and 7:10.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8:25, from Friday, Aug. 1, through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station.)

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 26.) . . . ¶ Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Through Saturday, July 26.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to adjourn Tuesday, July 29), the Security Council, and various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The Expanding Universe." (Mondays at 1, 2, and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 1, 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

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$1.10 plus tax

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, led by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's plenty of variety in this entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War and led by a colonel who is not too well in the head. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—An interesting French film that explores the subject of natural childbirth with a good deal of dramatic impact. Jean Gabin is cast as a doctor who favors the method, and Nicole Courcel as a pregnant young woman who goes along with his ideas. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Gervaise—A mournful look at the way things were among the lower orders during the Second Empire. A French film, adapted from a novel by Emile Zola, in which Maria Schell gives a wonderfully persuasive performance, as do François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair, her assistants in the enterprise. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 26.)

Gigi—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the beloved of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast that includes Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Key—As directed by Carol Reed, this Anglo-American film about the seagoing salvage tugs that saw action in the Second World War is full of exciting derring-do, but only as long as the camera keeps gazing seaward. When it tries to follow the adventures of the tugboatmen on land, however, it gets pretty confusing, what with trying to explain the motivations of a mysterious young woman who becomes the paramour of various tugboat captains. William Holden, Trevor Howard, and Oscar Homolka are the men of the sea, and Sophia Loren is the free-wheeling girl. (Odeon, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Kings Go Forth—Frank Sinatra is altogether satisfactory in the role of a lovesick lieutenant in this film about some of the activities of the United States Seventh Army in the South of France. The girl that Mr. Sinatra is lovesick about is a native of the Riviera, born of a marriage between a Negro and a white woman. She is portrayed by Natalie Wood, and Tony Curtis is on hand to give Mr. Sinatra some competition for her favors. Neither of them is quite up to the standard of acting that Mr. Sinatra sets. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

No Time for Sergeants—Andy Griffith is very funny in this screen version of the Mac Hyman novel about a Georgia cracker who practically disrupts the Air Force in his attempts to be helpful in the war effort. Mr. Griffith is supported by Myron McCormick, Nick Adams, James Milhollan, and several other estimable players. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting July 30.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil B. deMille's spectacular projection of the life and times of Moses makes the Biblical story look stark. Wandering among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277. Mondays through Thursdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

Witness for the Prosecution—A tricky and absorbing melodrama, adapted by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz from a play by Agatha Christie, in which a young man accused of murdering an old lady who has befriended him is defended by his barrister with the utmost verve. Charles Laughton has something of an actor's field day as the barrister, and Tyrone Power, as the defendant, and Marlene Dietrich, as his wife, manage to make themselves heard over Mr. Laughton's impressive clamor. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through July 26, tentative. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 29. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 29, tentative.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 24.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 27-29.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 27-28.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Paper Hanger," "Triple Trouble," "The Tramp!," and "Shanghaied," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

Club de Femmes (1937)—Life in a working girls' home. In French, with Danielle Darrieux. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 29.)

The Emperor's Nightingale (1951)—A film played by a cast of puppets and a couple of genuine actors. Narrated by Boris Karloff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

The Forgotten Village (1941)—John Steinbeck's semi-documentary film about a Mexican hamlet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1943)—The Hemingway book in Technicolor. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 27-28.)

The Green Man (1957)—Alastair Sim as a whimsical chap who is crazy about blowing people up. An English picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

The Red Balloon (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who ambles all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 30, tentative.)

The Roots (1957)—Four stories about life among the Mexican Indians. In Spanish. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; starting July 30.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 25.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi in a tale of an American spinster out for culture in Venice. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 30, tentative.)

Umberto D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
KINGS GO FORTH.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE KEY.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through July 30: "The Bravados," Gregory Peck, Joan Collins.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Royale, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Rock-A-Bye Baby," Jerry Lewis, Marilyn Maxwell.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through July 30 (tentative): "The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama—South Seas Adventure." (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 29 (tentative): **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**
From July 30 (tentative): "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 29 (tentative): "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.
From July 30 (tentative): "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through July 29: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "High Hell," John Derek, Elaine Stewart.
From July 30: "Gunman's Walk," Van Heflin, Tab Hunter; and "Going Steady," Molly Bee.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Your Past Is Showing!," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 27: "Macabre," William Prince, Jim Backus; and "Hell's Five Hours," Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray.
July 28-29: "Mogambo," revival, Clark Gable, Ava Gardner; and "The Tender Trap," revival, Frank Sinatra, Debbie Reynolds.
From July 30: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS;** and "Quantrill's Raiders," Steve Cochran.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE KEY.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through July 30 (tentative): **SUMMERTIME,** revival; and **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival.

Baronet, 3rd. Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 29 (tentative): "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.
From July 30 (tentative): "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 30: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through July 29: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "High Hell," John Derek, Elaine Stewart.
From July 30: "Gunman's Walk," Van Heflin, Tab Hunter; and "Going Steady," Molly Bee.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 70th. (BU 8-9468)
Through July 26 (tentative): **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.**
July 27-29 (tentative): "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
From July 30 (tentative): "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 29 (tentative): "A Man Escaped" (in French), revival, François Leterrier, Charles Leclainche; and "A Novel Affair," revival, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton.
From July 30 (tentative): "The Adulteress" (in French), Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone; and "The Smallest Show on Earth," revival, Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 27: "Macabre," William Prince, Jim Backus; and "Hell's Five Hours," Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray.
July 28-29: "Jet Attack," John Agar, Audrey Totter; and "Suicide Battalion," Michael Connors.
From July 30: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS;** and "Quantrill's Raiders," Steve Cochran.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 29: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "High Hell," John Derek, Elaine Stewart.
From July 30: "Gunman's Walk," Van Heflin, Tab Hunter; and "Going Steady," Molly Bee.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through July 26: "The Golden Age of Comedy," a silent-movie anthology; and "Loser Takes All," Rossano Brazzi, Glynis Johns.
July 27-28: **FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS,** revival; and **THE BRAVE BULLS,** revival.
July 29-30: "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver; and "Cast a Dark Shadow," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Margaret Lockwood.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 29 (tentative): "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood.
From July 30 (tentative): "A Man Escaped" (in French), revival, François Leterrier, Charles Leclainche; and "A Novel Affair," revival, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 30 (tentative): "Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey; and "The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 29: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "High Hell," John Derek, Elaine Stewart.
From July 30: "Gunman's Walk," Van Heflin, Tab Hunter; and "Going Steady," Molly Bee.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 26: **GERVAISE** (in French); and "Escapade in Japan," Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell.
July 27-29: **BEAT THE DEVIL,** revival; and "The Detective," revival, Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.
From July 30: "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day; and "This Angry Age," Anthony Perkins, Silvana Mangano.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through July 27: "Macabre," William Prince, Jim Backus; and "Hell's Five Hours," Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray.
July 28-29: "Jet Attack," John Agar, Audrey Totter; and "Suicide Battalion," Michael Connors.
From July 30: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS;** and "Quantrill's Raiders," Steve Cochran.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Proud Rebel," Alan Ladd, Olivia de Havilland.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Light in the Forest," Fess Parker, Wendell Corey.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Man in the Raincoat" (in French), Fernandel.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 29: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "High Hell," John Derek, Elaine Stewart.
From July 30: "Gunman's Walk," Van Heflin, Tab Hunter; and "Going Steady," Molly Bee.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 29: **WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION;** and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.
From July 30: "The Adulteress" (in French), Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone; and "Lady Possessed," revival, James Mason, June Havoc.

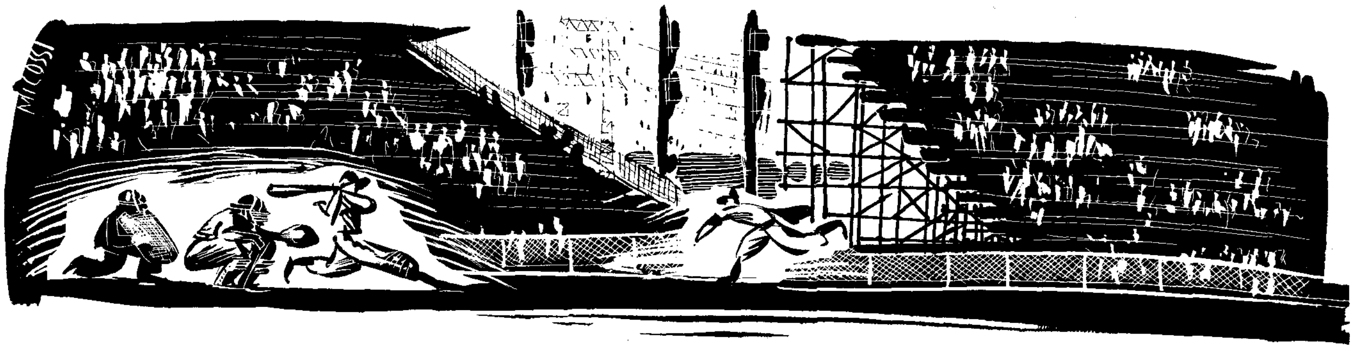
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 24: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY;** and "The Inspector General" (both in Russian and both revivals).
July 25: **THE SPANISH EARTH,** revival; and **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE,** revival.
July 26: **THE GREEN MAN,** revival; and "Three Sinners" (in French), revival, Fernandel.
July 27: **THE EMPEROR'S NIGHTINGALE,** revival; and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).
July 28: **UMBERTO D.** (in Italian), revival; and **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (in Japanese), revival.
July 29: **CLUB DE FEMMES** (in French), revival; and "Razzia" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.
July 30: "Aspects of Adolescence," a program of eight short films dealing with psychology.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 26: "Ten North Frederick," Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi; and "Cattle Empire," Joel McCrea.
July 27-29: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange; and "Bus Stop," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray.
From July 30: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS;** and "Quantrill's Raiders," Steve Cochran.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through July 29: "A Man Escaped" (in French), revival, François Leterrier, Charles Leclainche; and "A Novel Affair," revival, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton.
From July 30: **THE ROOTS** (in Spanish), revival; and "Wife for a Night" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Gino Cervi.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 29: "Vertigo," James Stewart, Kim Novak; and "High Hell," John Derek, Elaine Stewart.
From July 30: "Gunman's Walk," Van Heflin, Tab Hunter; and "Going Steady," Molly Bee.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 29: "Macabre," William Prince, Jim Backus; and "Hell's Five Hours," Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray.
From July 30: **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS;** and "Quantrill's Raiders," Steve Cochran.



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Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

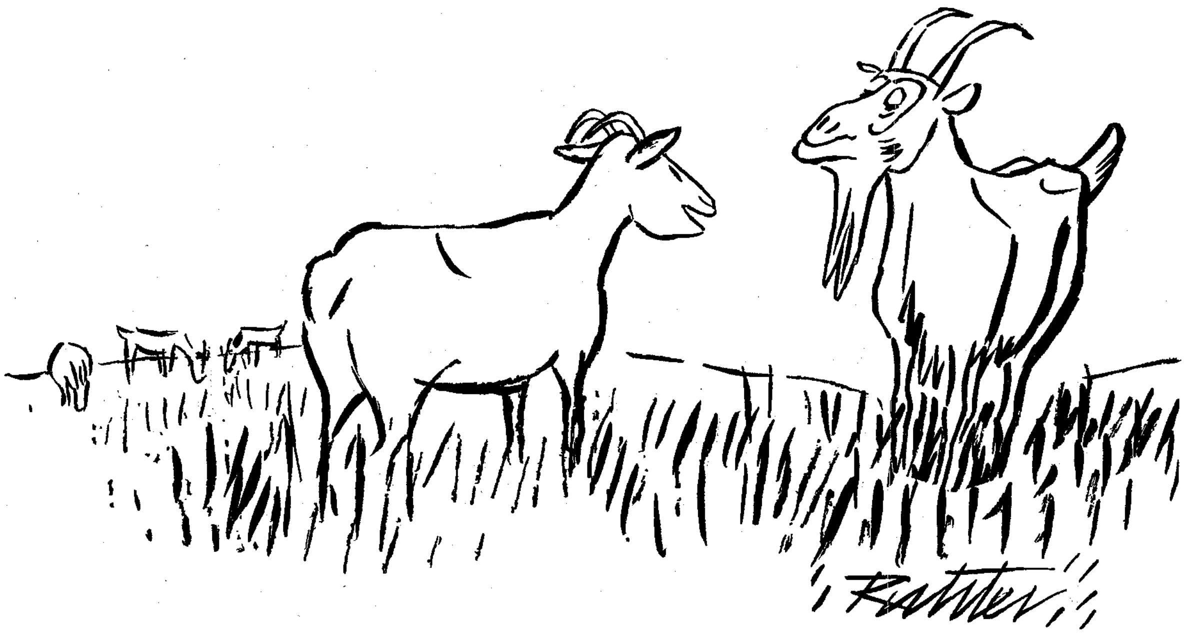
Notes and Comment

A SMALL irony that was produced, perhaps unavoidably, under the pressure of the weightier considerations that prompted the landings in Lebanon is that the election of a Lebanese President by the Parliament, scheduled to take place on July 24th, will be discredited by the presence of our forces there. Any candidate friendly to us will be subject to attack, if elected, throughout his six-year term as "elected at the point of American bayonets." The election of a pro-Nasser, or merely an anti-Marine, candidate would be a disaster we could not afford, because he would swiftly order our forces out of the country. We have no way of knowing, as we go to press, whether the election, although prescribed by the constitution of that small Phoenician land, will be held at all. If it isn't, the processes of orderly democratic government will have been suspended because of the intervention of the power whose people—at least, the majority of them—believe in orderly democratic government.

Another irony—a double one this time—is that the reason we, or the United Nations, if it chooses, must defend Lebanon against attack, if attack is intended, is the feebleness of the Lebanese Army, which is inexpensively small. The reason we or the British or the U.N. must defend Jordan is the strength of the Iraqi Army, which is expensively large and well equipped with fifty million dollars' worth of American-aid matériel. It seems equally chancy to arm or not to arm Arabs. Maybe there's a friendly way of not doing either.

WHEN we were fourteen—a long time ago and for a short year—we formulated a concept of perfect bliss, and propounded it in those sessions of fantasy that began, "If you were a millionaire and could have anything you wanted, what would it be?" Our answer was "To lie in a hammock swung between two trees at the head of the Belmont stretch on a hot day and watch the races, while one fellow played a hose on me, another fellow held an electric fan in back of my head, and another brought me freezers full of homemade peach ice cream." We didn't ask to have bets on winners—maybe we thought that, being a millionaire, we wouldn't have to worry about money. Betting seemed to us a sordid adjunct to the beauty we had just discovered. That was the summer our father took us to the races for the first time—to see the Withers Stakes, for three-year-olds, one of the oldest fixtures on the calendar. He wasn't a racing man, but he was a New Yorker, and he had talked to us about race horses as long as we could remember—Hermis and Waterboy and Irish Lad and Roseben (names that have a peculiar music for us even now), and particularly Colin, pronounced with a long "o," who was for him what Man o' War was to be for a later generation. Colin, we heard in about our own sixth year, was a black horse, never beaten, and in the old gentleman's opinion impossible to beat. (In our gallery of heroes, he was associated with Black Beauty, and when reading that book we decided they must be related.) So when we saw a couple of weeks ago that the New York Racing Association was again going to allow adults to take minors racing—those under eighteen had been barred since the introduction of pari-mutuel betting, in 1940—we were tickled. It sounded to us like the best way of keeping children off the streets, and concurrently educating them, that we had recently heard of. We had a shock when we read later that the City Council had, in a unanimous resolution, asked the State Racing Commission to put the children out again. Watching horse races might make vicarious, and then real, gamblers of the children, the Council said, and "gambling syndicates might be organized to victimize" them. Gambling already impinges on children's consciousness through church bingo, Boy Scout raffles, doorstep crap games, and newspaper headlines about people who win money on television programs and in the Irish Sweepstakes. The only bad thing about children at a race track—at least, we have found it so at Longchamp and Auteuil—is that they get underfoot and risk being trampled to death by adults bound belatedly for a mutuel window.

The day we went down to Belmont with our old man was the most nearly perfect in the history of the New York Weather Bureau, and we will listen to no argument about that. The Withers was won by Sir Barton, a ruddy chestnut horse who could pick up any of the present-day champions by the backs of their necks at the turn into the stretch and carry them home and beat them, and we will have no argument about that, either. We depend entirely on memory as we state, without fear of contradiction, that he was owned by a Canadian munitions manufacturer named J. K. L. Ross, trained by H. G. Bedwell, and ridden by Johnny Loftus, and his colors were orange and black. They ran the horses with the rail to their right at Belmont then (clockwise instead of counterclockwise, as they did at all other American courses), and Belmont was rigged the wrong way, Father said, because the swells who built it wanted to ape the English. (We have found since that in England there are as many courses one way as the other; the Derby and Oaks at Epsom, for instance, are run with the rail to the left, just as here.) At any rate, the



"I think a beard is very becoming."

Belmont directors yielded to public opinion long ago. The horse that finished second was Eternal, owned by Major J. W. McClelland and ridden by Andy Schuttinger, who trains now. (To our shame, we have forgotten the name of the trainer.) The colors were canary and purple, and Eternal was a black horse, or one of those technically brown ones that look black on the track. He was beautiful, and reminded us of both Colin and Black Beauty as we watched him being saddled under the trees. There was no saddling shed or railed walking ring then. It seemed to us materialistic of our old man to bet five dollars on Sir Barton with a bookmaker who, under the conventions of those days, was supposed to be his personal friend. Father could not have won more than three dollars. Eternal led up to a furlong from home, and then Loftus made his move, whipping, and won by a length or so, going easily at the end. The time, we remember—and this we would like to forget—was one minute thirty-eight and four-fifths seconds, which for a mile would hardly win a selling race now. But we knew Sir Barton was taking it easy. He could have broken the world's record any time Loftus wanted him to.

The forms and the motion of the horses were, in their respective ways, the most beautiful things we had ever seen. We have never forgotten the colors, changing in intensity with the sun pattern on the track; the infield grass, so much lovelier to look over when horses are running on the backstretch; the tenseness in our throat, without a dollar riding for us. The races we see now leave brief images. Habit has almost desensitized us to all that beauty and excitement. The time to get them is when you are young. Let the State Racing Commission stand firm against the wowsers!

Special Partner

NO doubt about it, too many cooks spoil the broth. Some time ago, we wrote Mr. Edward F. Hutton, the well-known broker and financial columnist, whose "Think It Through" appears in the *Herald Tribune* (Saturdays) and in sixty other newspapers, asking him for an interview. Seven months and twenty-one days later, we slit open an envelope bearing the letterhead "E. F. Hutton" and read:

> Thank you for your favor. But what a shock I had when I noted its date!
>
> I employ three secretaries; and I cannot point to one of them for the neglect of not bringing this to my attention until this late date.

Anxious to save face, we placed this in a reminder file, to be brought up seven months and twenty-one days later, but within ten minutes Mr. Hutton was on the phone, graciously making up for lost time by inviting us to the Recess Club for lunch. There, over scallops and crabmeat Newburg, we learned that he was born eighty-one years ago at 59 West Twenty-second Street, where, in his nonage, he sat on the stoop admiring the Sixth Avenue "L" as it belched forth smoke; that at fifteen he quit public school to go to work for the Diamond Truck & Car Gear factory, in Kingston; that he moved, after a year, to a mortgage company on Wall Street, where, after bicycling downtown every morning from his home, then on East Forty-fourth Street, he fulfilled the duties of a mailing clerk; that he got fired, for taking a vacation, from an office that gave no vacations; and that he went next, as a writer of checks payable for coupons delivered, to the Manhattan Trust Company, where the president, John I. Waterbury, coming upon a sample of his labors, roared from a neighboring room, "Whose handwriting is this? Send him in to me," and advised him to go to night school and learn how to write. Mr. Hutton wrote out his resignation. "I don't consider myself any better than any other man in this room," he said to us, recalling this event and peering narrowly at his fellow-members, "but I do consider myself just as good. Besides, I already was going to night school, studying shorthand."

At this juncture, when he was twenty, things began to look up. "I became a partner in Harris, Hutton and Company, which bought a membership in the old Consolidated Stock Exchange for three hundred and seventy-five dollars," said he, a trim figure in a dark-blue suit, black tie, and white shirt with starched cuffs. "That exchange dealt in odd lots. Later, I bought a seat on the Stock Exchange and became a partner in W. E. Hutton and Company, a family concern. I started my own firm a few years later. I'm now a special partner." Mr. Hutton ordered a plate of chocolate and vanilla ice cream, and gave us a look. "I did *not* become a special partner by being turned out to pasture," he said. "Nothing like that! My first wife died when she was thirty-eight, and in 1920 I married Marjorie Post, who was then Mrs. Edward B. Close. That changed everything for me. She owned the Postum Cereal Company, which later became General Foods. Colby Chester, its treasurer, said it was slipping, and asked me to look into the matter. I took a leave of absence from my firm, and later resigned as senior partner and became a special partner, to give all my time and attention to Postum's affairs. I became board chairman of General Foods, and Mr. Chester became president. My services there extended over fourteen years. I refused a salary because I was trying to do something for my wife's family. Get it?"

We nodded, and he said, "Then I went through a matrimonial receivership. Mrs. Hutton married Joseph E. Davies, and I resigned from the company."

We asked him how and when he got started as a columnist, and he gave President Roosevelt credit. "When Mr. Roosevelt attempted to create an oligarchy in America, he said he was chairman of the board of all the businesses in the United States," Mr. Hutton replied. "I began to write full-page ads, which I ran in the *Herald Tribune* and *Journal-American* to combat this trend. Come to my office, and I'll show them to you."

Across the street, at 61 Broadway, in an office staffed with his three secretaries, Mr. Hutton pulled out a scrapbook containing a batch of ads headed, *inter alia*, "What America Needs Is to Resume the Arithmetic That Made America Great," "12 O'Clock Is Striking for All Americans!," and "You Can't Eat Money!" "They were rerun all over the country, in the Wichita *Beacon* and so forth," he said. "About five years ago, I began to write short columns and place them around. I stay within a limit of two hundred and forty words, and I never use a big word."

We glanced at a "Think It Through" in the *Tribune*, which began:

> Addressing a conference of mayors of American cities, Vice-President Nixon told them that from now on they would have to rely less on the Federal government for financial aid and more on themselves, as Uncle has all he can do taking care of foreign nephews and nieces.
>
> Fine, Dick, so far as getting off the Federal soup wagon, but you should have promised to reduce Federal taxes . . .

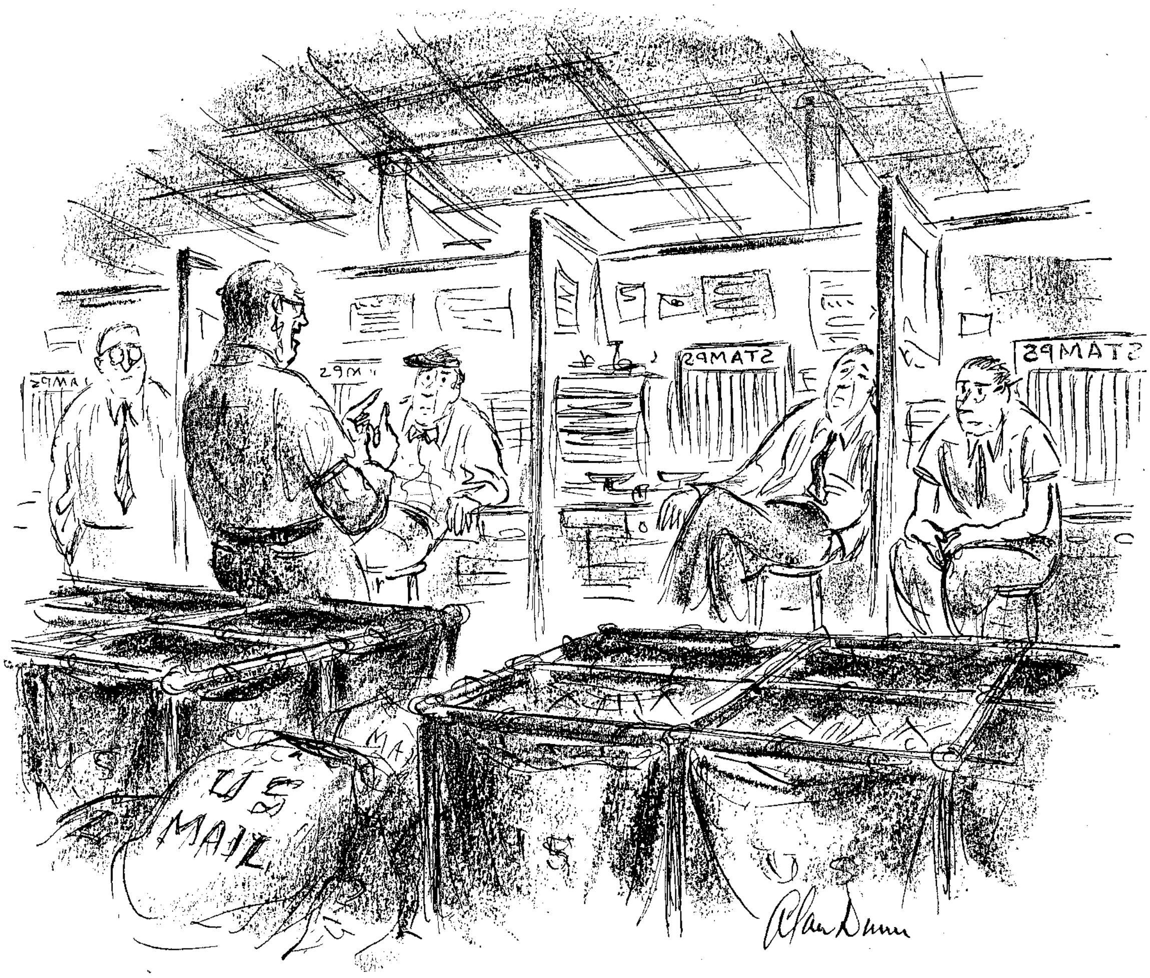
De Gustibus

IN the United States Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair, there's a restaurant that serves American specialties. A foreign agent of ours reports that a gentleman went into this establishment the other day and ordered a cheeseburger. "Do you want a knife and fork," inquired the waitress, "or are you an American?"

By Air

HAVING dealt with the current boom in automobile renting and leasing, we'd like to go a giddy step further and take a look at the promising boomlet in airplane renting. So far, only one outfit is ready to rent planes on a coast-to-coast basis, and that's Hertz, which is the oldest and biggest of the car renters and leasers, and has recently launched a subsidiary called the Hertz Rent A Plane System, but you can be sure that most of the other big car renters are keeping an eye on Rent A Plane, and if it prospers they'll be swinging into action within a year or so. The market for rented planes can be divided four ways—between people who know how to fly and people who don't, and between people who fly for fun and people who fly because their business requires them to. Hertz hopes to get a lot of customers from all camps. There are two hundred and nine thousand active licensed pilots in this country, all of whom will be able to rent planes from Hertz under the Fly-Yourself plan; nonfliers will be under the Taxiplane plan, which is to say that, at considerably greater expense, they'll be hiring a pilot along with a plane.

Before setting up Rent A Plane—the absence of hyphens in that name is driving us crazy—Hertz undertook to discover how many business executives could save on costs or make more money by switching from cars or trains to planes. The figure Hertz arrived at is a hundred and fifty thousand, which makes the future of Rent A Plane and its about-to-be rivals look rosy indeed. At the moment, there are fifty-six airfields throughout the country at which you can hire a Hertz plane; by the end of the year there'll be around a hundred. If you intend to pilot the plane yourself, you're expected to produce a truly staggering number of credentials, including a pilot's license, a medical certificate, a radio operator's permit, proof that you are twenty-one or over,



". . . and thirty-one times four makes a hundred and twenty-four, and thirty-two times four makes a hundred and twenty-eight, and . . ."

and a certificate showing that you have logged at least a hundred hours in the air, including five hours solo in a Cessna 172 or a similar aircraft. You must also undergo a checkout flight test (for which "a reasonable charge" is made) in the plane of your choice. The odds are that this will be a Cessna 172, which is a neat little single-engine, four-place plane, with a range of about five hundred miles and a cruising speed of a hundred and twenty-four miles an hour. Hertz favors Cessna in the air, as it does Chevrolet on the ground, but four or five other makes of plane will usually also be available. The cost of a five-hundred-mile round trip made within twelve hours comes to about eighty-three dollars, at the rate of a dollar and a half an hour, plus thirteen cents per flight mile. If you happen to be travelling Dutch treat with three companions, the cost drops to about twenty dollars apiece, or four cents per mile per person, which Hertz feels compares favorably with practically all other forms of transportation except walking. If you don't know how to fly, life is both simpler and more expensive. The cost of the above trip under the Taxiplane plan amounts to about a hundred and thirty-two dollars, at the rate of two dollars and a half an hour, plus eighteen cents per flight mile, plus a ten-per-cent excise tax, but nobody asks how old you are.

The two main Rent A Plane bases hereabouts are at Teterboro Airport and the Westchester County Airport. A chairborne Rent A Plane executive told us that he was greatly encouraged by the response at these bases. "Lots of inquiries, and a slow but steady start on rentals," he said. "If plane rentals follow the course of car rentals, it'll be fifteen years before they catch on in a big way. By then, planes will be simpler as well as safer, and it wouldn't surprise me a bit if, by the year 2000, the sky was absolutely black with flying businessmen."

Corn Belt

WE just heard about a visiting Midwesterner who, taking matters into his own hands, summoned the courage to cross Park Avenue at Fifty-seventh Street. As he reached the halfway mark, the light changed and he found himself disconcertingly stranded on the island separating the traffic. Hemmed in by alien hurtling steel and whining rubber, the émigré concentrated his gaze on the traffic island's grass, trying to establish a link (however frail) with back-home reality. Suddenly, just at the end of the grass strip, he spotted a lone and inexplicable stalk of corn—not of elephant's-eye height, and nothing to set one's salivary glands in motion, but nevertheless a God-given stalk of corn. It was enough to get him across the rest of Park Avenue without a quiver.

Flora on Cape Cod

WE'RE in receipt of an extensive communication, from our Cape Cod representative, about the recently opened Chrysler Art Museum, in Provincetown. "The opening of Walter P. Chrysler, Jr.'s, museum in what used to be the Provincetown Methodist Church, on Commercial Street, is undoubtedly the event of the Lower Cape season," it commenced, and went on, "Mr. Chrysler bought the church—a commanding white structure facing a house that during the summer season bears the legend 'Sea Side Apartments. Day or Week. Private Showers. Sun Deck'—on April 11th last, for forty thousand dollars, and started alterations on it, and in it, two days later. These have now cost two hundred thousand dollars, and the end is not in sight. Although the church was happy enough to sell its building, for a variety of reasons—the congregation didn't have enough money to keep it going; the number of worshippers had fallen off; Provincetown was becoming more and more a summer resort; and the trustees felt that the price was right, since it enabled them to start constructing another church—Mr. Chrysler's purchase excited considerable criticism, and letters of protest poured into the offices of the Provincetown *Advocate*. Anti-Chrysler sentiment died down as Mr. Chrysler recruited local workmen for the remodelling and tapped local bigwigs for his board of trustees, but flared up again this month, when engraved Cartier invitations, bearing the words 'Black Tie,' were sent out for two inaugural dinners, on successive nights, at the museum. Dinner coats are far from de rigueur in this little fishing-and-postcard town, and cries of 'Who does he think he is—Jay Gould?' and 'Where does he think he is—Hyannis?' were heard on all sides.

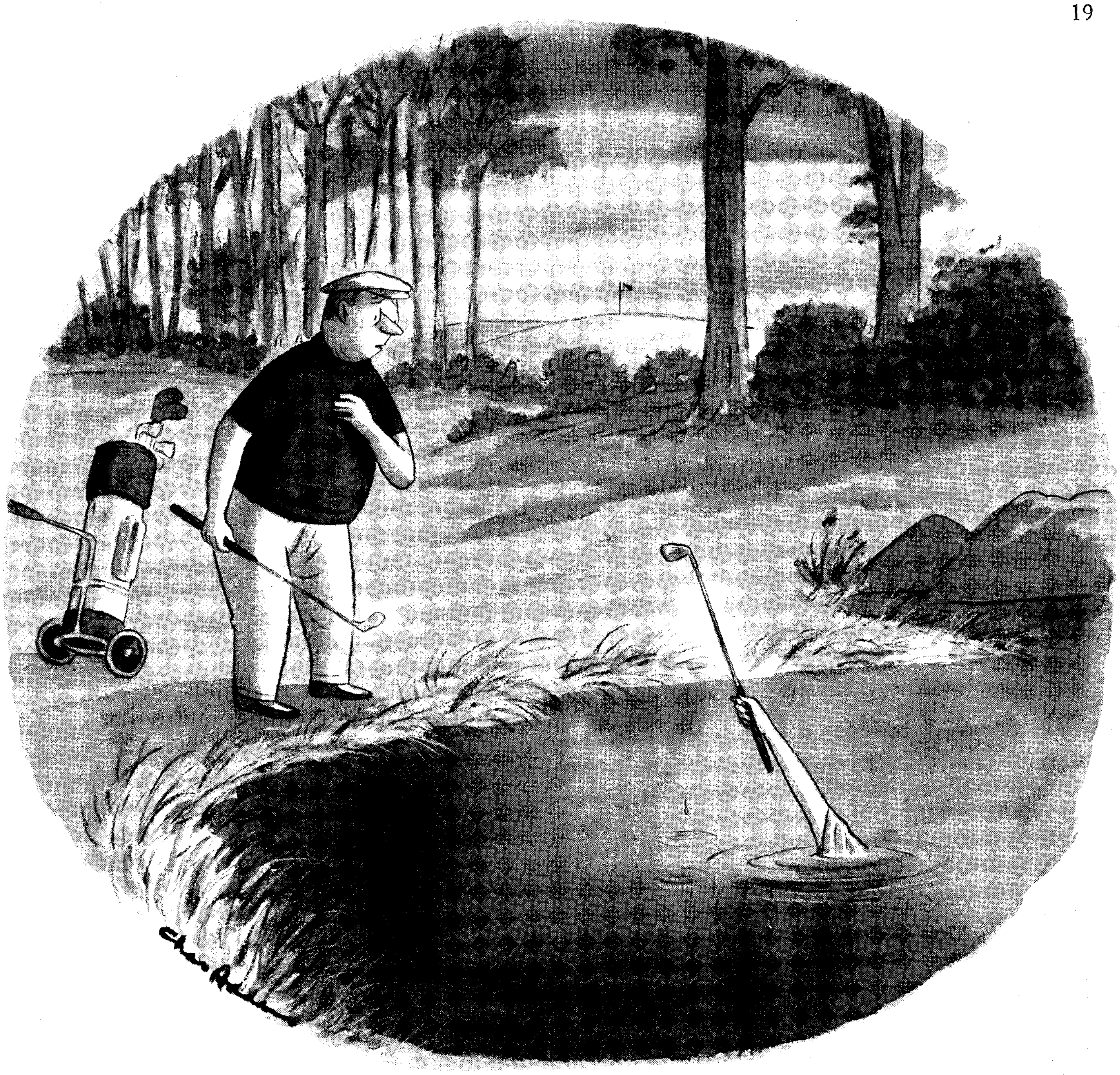
"I myself, in blue jeans and sneakers, first visited the museum on the afternoon between the two dinner parties. The front door was locked, but a man in shirtsleeves, who was sitting at the top of a flight of great granite steps outside, identified himself as Edward Strickler, Mr. Chrysler's cousin, and obligingly took me through a side door. 'Walter's got the key,' he said. 'He's having lunch with his sister, Mrs. Edgar Garbisch, and Colonel Garbisch at The Moors, a restaurant that specializes in Portuguese dishes. The Garbisches are just back from Russia. They flew here for last night's dinner, which included museum representatives from Chicago, Boston, Hartford, and New York. Mrs. Garbisch, who is a trustee of the museum, gave Walter a Picasso-designed tie at the dinner, but he didn't put it on. Thirty-nine people tried to crash the party. They were turned away politely by the museum's five guards—special police from the Provincetown force. See that strawberry patch out there? That will be the sculpture court, eventually. It's the former minister's strawberry patch. The berries are delicious.'

"The museum's present exhibition consists of seventy-six paintings, ranging chronologically from Hieronymus Bosch and Lucas Cranach to Picasso and Hans Hofmann, well hung and lighted in three galleries on the church's first floor, formerly used for worship, meetings, and suppers. As I was examining these, a man who looked terribly well fed handed Mr. Strickler a menu, and he introduced him as Mr. Henry Chapin, proprietor of Foster's Caterers, a Boston firm. 'Forty-five last night, eighty tonight, one hundred and ten at the workmen's buffet day before yesterday, between seven hundred and fifty and a thousand at tomorrow afternoon's reception,' Mr. Chapin said to me. 'Squab, tournedos, hot hors d'oeuvres, champagne, the best of wines. The stuff is brought in in trucks from Boston. We have twenty waiters here and fourteen women helping them.'

"I had just finished examining a Léger, a Braque, two Picassos, a Soutine, a Matisse, and a Derain when Mr. and Mrs. Chrysler came in, accompanied by the Garbisches. Chrysler was wearing gray flannels, a gray-striped shirt, and a multicolor striped tie, and carrying a brightly colored madras jacket, on which I discerned a label reading 'James Rex, Hollywood.' A photographer said something to him, and he started to put on the jacket. 'Bernice, I think we'll go to the entrance for a photograph,' he said to his sister.

" 'That isn't a very good coat for a picture,' she said.

"Mr. Strickler darted into another room and came back with a brown herringbone coat, which Mr. Chrysler put on. 'That's my Provincetown coat,' Strickler told me as his cousins and their spouses went to a marble foyer, which contained two Renoir sculptures, for a



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group photograph. 'It has a button missing.'

"Returning to the gallery, Mr. Chrysler gave Mr. Strickler's coat back to him and sat down with me for a chat, opposite 'Flora,' by Tintoretto. 'Never been shown publicly in this country before,' he said of this. 'Neither have the Titian, the Salvator Rosa, the Luca Giordano, the Scorza, the Cavallino, the two Crivellis, the Pissarro, and the Fragonard in this show. I've chosen the paintings from four thousand I own. They'll be here a couple of months, and then we'll have a "Provincetown, Past and Present" show. We plan to have a permanent collection, to which I and others will contribute, as well as loan exhibits. So far, we've remodelled only the lower floor. We're going to get after the upstairs, which we're using as a temporary storeroom for paintings, and install galleries there, but first we'll put in a boiler room, air-conditioning, and a carpentry-and-paint shop. We'll be open all year round. Perry T. Rathbone, of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, has been screening various people for me for a permanent curator. Why am I doing all this here? Well, I used to come to the Cape as a kid, and then, after the war, my wife and I rented a house in North Truro, and last year we bought some ocean property in Wellfleet, where we plan to build. I liked the area so much that I decided to start a museum here. I think most of the serious people in the community are proud to have it here. I buy all my pictures myself—no agents. I've never had a favorite painting. I began buying at fourteen, when I was at Hotchkiss, out of my allowance, on vacations. My first purchase was a little Renoir landscape, and my second was a Picasso.' "

What an allowance, we thought, as we turned to our operative's concluding paragraph: "I went back the next day, for the reception, which was full of ladies wearing shell necklaces. The only man I saw in a black tie was Mr. Chapin."

Well-Preserved

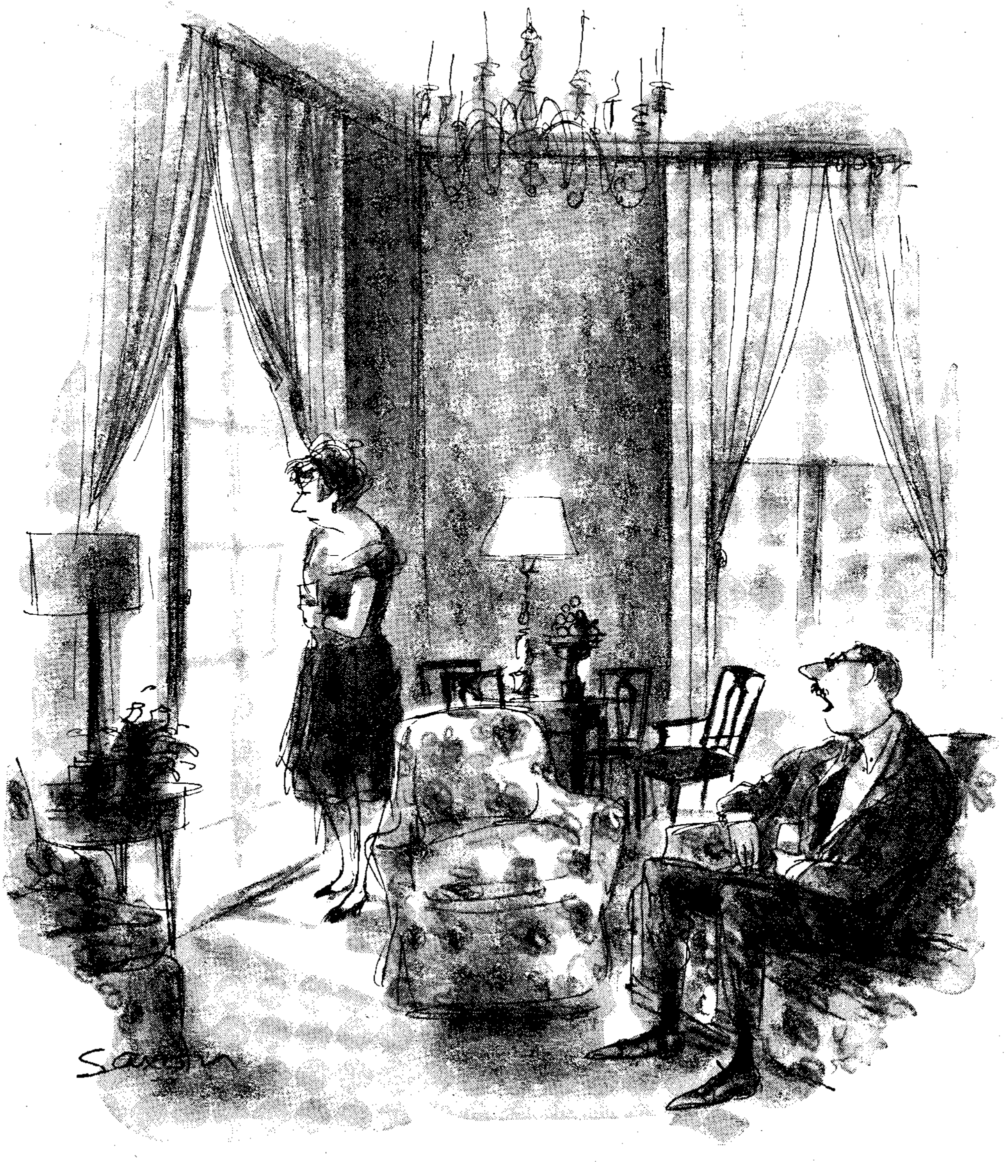
AN attractive matron has handed us, with a wince of resignation, a letter she received the other day from her son, a boy of fifteen, who is spending some weeks at the home of a schoolmate, in Maine. It reads, in part, "We went to a dance on Saturday night and there were some nice girls there. One of them was very pretty. Her name is Sandra. She is eighteen years old, but she doesn't look it."

NOT COUNTING RHIZOPODS AND FLAGELLATES

I OWN, as nearly as I can compute it, some 10,365,025,000 head of livestock, or say ten billion three hundred and sixty-five million, in rounder figures. This is quite a responsibility, and there are times when I wonder whether, with only a quarter-acre plot of ordinary British land to my name, I can continue to support them.

My herd of springtails cannot be less than fifteen million strong. They have a forked springing organ that enables them to jump the equivalent, in man, of two hundred and fifty yards, and the abdomen is absolutely distinctive in having only six segments. Thus they are easily recognizable and can be picked out at once from my ten billion three hundred and fifty million other charges. With patience, that is. I have not yet, as a matter of fact, seen one of them, although if put end to end they would cover, without jumping, a distance of eighty-three thousand yards. Springtails are small thysanuran insects belonging to the suborder Collembola, and there is no doubt that I have plenty of them. Dr. E. B. Ford, a considerable entomologist and no mean enumerator, has found that an acre of meadowland contains about two hundred and thirty million springtails in the top nine-inch layer. (Dr. Ford's figure is quoted by Dr. A. D. Imms in his "Insect Natural History." Sir E. John Russell, F.R.S., in "The World of the Soil," gives two hundred and eighty million. But I follow Ford.) Roughly a third of my plot—say a twelfth of an acre—is mown meadowland. This gives me, by simple division, upward of nineteen million, but I have knocked off four million for modesty.

I doubt whether I have more than twenty-five or thirty thousand earthworms, taking an average based on the approximations given in Sir John Russell's book for population per acre of "permanent pastures, leys, first year arable and fifth year arable," respectively. That part of my garden which is not ley (sown pastureland, in my country) is twenty-fourth-year arable, so the calculation is rough. I do not see, though, that such digging as I do can disturb my earthworms much. Those I come across I always put back, and the robin that lives here is not insatiable. My worms are a useful lot, putting decaying leaves away and aerating the soil to the best of their ability. I like them all, except perhaps the thin scarlet kind that live under bricks (*Eisenia rosea*?), and I am sorry not to have realized, until I read Sir John's book, that the livid welt some of them display is not the place where two halves have rejoined but a sign of sexual maturity. If I have stared, it was in ignorance.

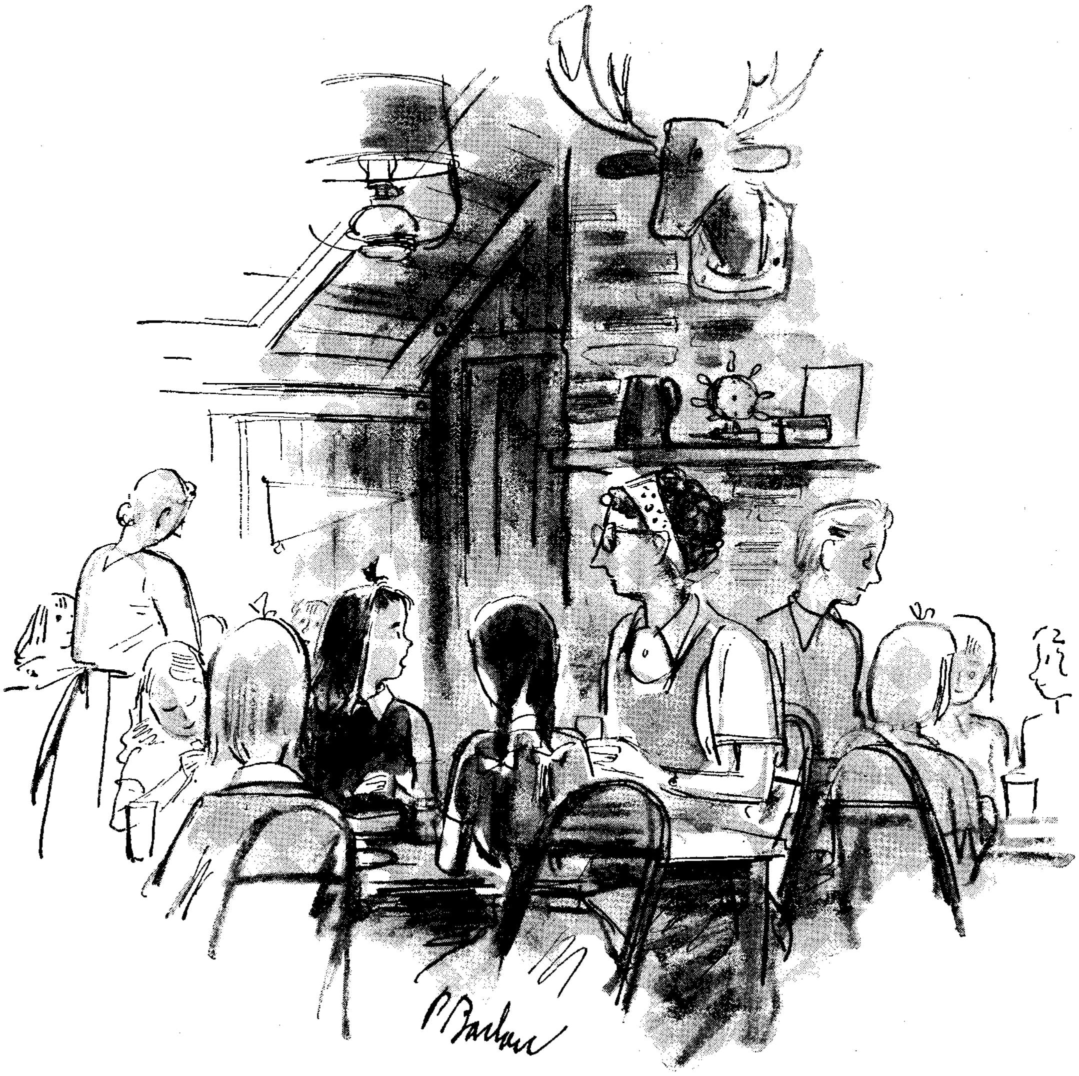


"Has it occurred to you that every time we decide to face basic issues, all we do is put the house on the market?"

The number of nematodes and arthropods that live here is out of all reason. They should take a leaf out of the book of the enchytraeids, which scarcely exceed fifty thousand per square metre, or say fifty million in all on this ranch. Enchytraeids are smallish worms—about five millimetres long. Big ones may be ten millimetres, but the whole tribe is very susceptible to drought and "few live to attain their maximum growth." Enchytraeid lovers should keep the hose going in dry spells. I like to think when I am out there watering that tens of millions of these defenseless creatures will live to bless my name. I shall do nothing whatever to sustain my nematodes, which are only eelworms, when all is said, and can survive for long periods without water. They are about one-fiftieth of an inch long or more, have as many as six lips in some species, and run to twenty million per square metre on grassland and a million or so on cultivated land. A Dane called C. Overgaard Nielsen totted them up on his place in Jutland, and I accept his results without question. (Nielsen's figures, however impressive, do not startle Sir E. John Russell. "It may seem strange," he remarks in a comment on Nielsen's painstaking count, "that the numbers of free-living nematodes are not larger.") Making every allowance for differences in soil, moisture, and so on, between Nielsen's plot and mine, I cannot possibly have fewer than ten billion nematodes, each with a muscular esophagus in addition to all those lips.

Of arthropods, excluding springtails, I have to feed and water not much under three hundred million, most of them mites. I also keep a good mixed assortment of wireworms, slugs, snails, click beetles, lice, hymenoptera, and so on, but not enough to upset the ecology hereabouts. Taking one creature with another, my estimate of ten billion three hundred-odd million for the lot seems fair and reasonable. These are all sizable animals, visible to the naked eye. Not one of them is a mere micro-organism. Many of them, as the name "arthropod" implies, have jointed feet. Countless millions have nervous systems. I think they can scarcely have hearts beating away out there beneath the grass and the delphiniums, or the noise would be deafening. But they are all animals—tangible, mobile, hungry animals—and the thought of their numbers fills me with pride and awe.

I have deliberately ignored protozoa. Such minute organisms as the amoeba and the long-tailed flagellate, which when magnified fifteen hundred times only measure an inch or so across, or the giant rhizopod, so vague, tenuous, and amorphous a creature that even when it is big enough for you to see it, you can't—these are neither here nor there. I did, as a matter of fact, from a hint or two dropped by Sir John Russell, calculate that there are perhaps eighteen billion giant rhizopods knocking about my compound, but it made no impression on me. Amoebae and flagellates, for those who like to get the full picture of my tiny suburban pleasance, are even less significant. The experts prefer, understandably, to estimate the population of these organisms by weight rather than numbers. They come out together at something under forty pounds per quarter acre. I could put the whole lot in a sack and pick them up singlehanded.



"If a camp can't get Channel Nine, I think they ought to say so before a person comes all the way up here."

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A CURIOUS feature of the discovery that one has ten billion animals in one's garden, not counting protozoa, is that when one passes the information on to one's neighbors (who have similar-sized plots, presumably not less richly blessed), they do not readily kindle. "Fancy!" they say. There is some failure of the imagination here. People often find difficulty, I think, in visualizing aggregations of more than a few hundred thousand individuals. It is not easy to get a clear picture of fifteen million springtails. I have therefore been at pains to measure the treading area of my shod foot. It is 38.5 square inches. Sir John may think it strange that it is not larger, but that is how it works out. There are 1,568,160 square inches in a quarter acre, and a simple calculation shows that my foot goes into my garden rather more than forty thousand times. If I now make the assumption that all my livestock are evenly distributed about the garden according to their kinds, the reader will begin to see where we are heading. I can reckon that every time I put my foot down outside the house, it presses heavily upon:

400 springtails
five-eighths of an earthworm
1,250 enchytraeids
7,500 arthropods (excluding springtails), and
250,000 nematodes

plus, if you wish, 450,000 giant rhizopods and one sixty-fourth of an ounce of mixed flagellates and amoebae. Readers with size 10s should increase these figures by twenty-five per cent. Or they may prefer to move into an apartment.

—H. F. ELLIS

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SPEEA and WEA have been advised by the Company that our 1958 offer will contain a clause shifting Washington's Birthday to Christmas Eve and shifting Memorial Day to New Year's Eve.—*Postcard received by a man in Seattle.*

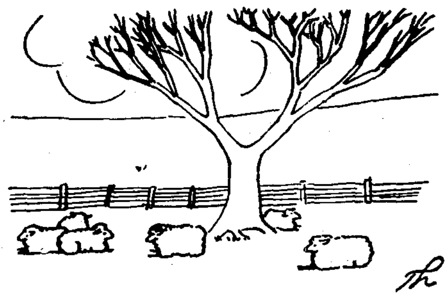
And Father's Day to the Eve of St. Agnes?

PAOLA

DURING his first year in Rome, Wilson Streeter, who was an American, working as a statistician for the F.R.U.P.C. agency, and divorced, had as his domestic servant an old lady named Assunta. She was offered a job as a seamstress, which paid a better salary, but she did not leave Streeter until she had found a replacement, an eighteen-year-old girl from the country. Her name was Paola. She had been working on a farm near the Adriatic, where the work must have been arduous, because she was made as happy as a lottery winner by this chance to come to Rome as an underpaid domestic. There was a maid's room—a little cubicle with a slit window and some crude plumbing—in Streeter's flat, and she moved into this. She was a wonderful worker—completely cheerful—and in the evening, after she had served his dinner, Streeter, who had run through a string of Italian teachers, tried to draw her into conversation, and so improve his Italian. Their range of subjects was limited. She talked mostly about her hard, sad life on the farm and about how she longed to see Venice. She liked to hear Streeter describe the height of the campanile, the loudness and sweetness of the bells, and the streets of water. Streeter tried to cast his memories in a variety of tenses, using both the conditional and the gerund—his weak points—and he asked Paola to correct him when he made a mistake. This was not easy for her. She always blushed, and sometimes with reason, for in spite of all his lessons, all his practice, Streeter still made preposterous mistakes. He asked Paola, one morning, when she brought him his breakfast tray, not to shell his egg in the kitchen, and wondered why she colored and left the room, until he realized that what he had said was "Do not undress in the kitchen, you egg." That same evening, when Paola asked him for a match to light the stove, he heard himself say that he had plenty of matches in his string beans.

In America, Streeter, or his wife, had employed many domestics, and he remembered them mostly as discontented women who did their work sullenly. Paola's cheerful industriousness was astonishing. She was up at six, singing and polishing the stone floors in the *sala* until they shone. When he rang, she brought his breakfast tray into the bedroom. She washed the windows, cooked his meals, mended the upholstery where it was torn, cleaned his clothes and his shoes, brought him ice for cocktails, gave him Italian lessons, and came into the *sala* at ten in the evening, if he was home, to drop him a curtsy and wish him pleasant dreams. On Thursday and Sunday afternoons, she would put on her best clothes and take a walk—this was her only diversion—but she always returned at seven, in case he should need something. Dressed in her best, she was a charming figure of maidenly self-esteem—white gloves, a white hat, and white shoes that seemed to hurt her. She knew no one in Rome but Assunta, and talked with no one but the grocer, the porter, and Streeter. Her only relative was a married sister, who lived on a farm near Cesena. Streeter thought he had never known anyone so alone in the world.

But he had never seen a shadow cross her face—not even a legitimate shadow of feminine pensiveness and longing. She wanted to see Venice, it was true, but this seemed so impossible to her that she laughed cheerfully when he mentioned it. Her face had that wonderful lambency that seems to be a characteristic of Italian faces, either because of their intrinsic beauty or because they have appeared so often in painting. Her color was high, as it should be in a girl of eighteen, and high in her cheeks. Her dark hair fell loosely around her face, and in the morning, when she brought his breakfast tray, the curls over her forehead were put up in pins. Her figure had the same classic grace as her face, and when she bent over to pick up a wastebasket, the curve of her back, the lines of her strong but not heavy legs had a quasi-aesthetic appeal, as if she had been a figure in a painting. It suggested the simple, ancient grace of a good scytheman or sower. But Streeter's merely aesthetic appreciation of her face and figure did not last long. One morning when she brought him his breakfast, he jumped out of bed and chased her down the hall. She got into her room and locked the door, but Streeter tried to break the lock, and was not discouraged until he drove a splinter into his shoulder from the doorjamb. He could hear through the door that she was weeping. Then he returned to his room, dressed, and went off to work, feeling confused but not exactly repentant.

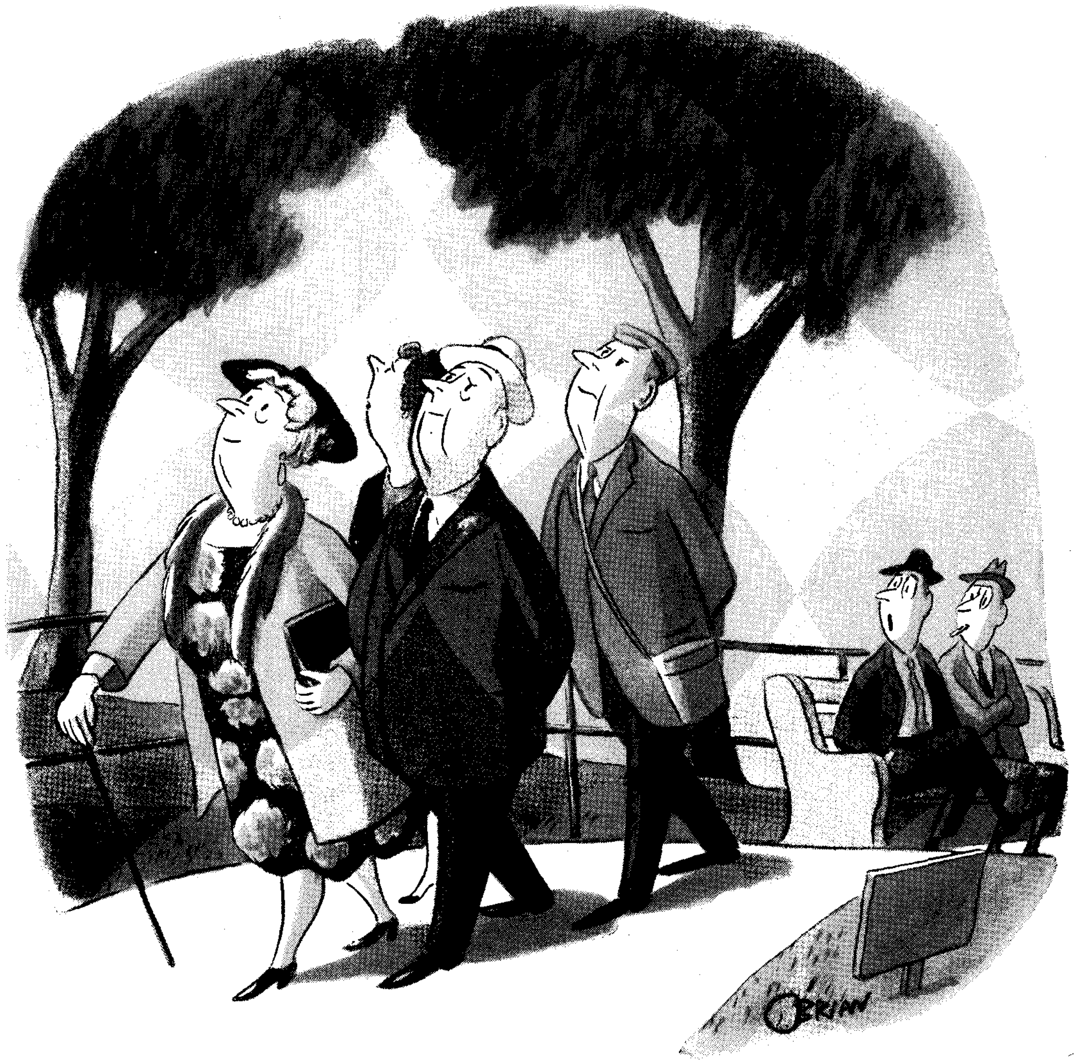


PAOLA'S youth and her aloneness in the city and in the world—the fact that she had no confidant or counsellor—made Streeter decide that his suit was unfair; she was surely entitled to decide what she did with herself, and when he returned to his flat in the evening, he tried to put her at ease with apologies. He found that their relationship had changed, and after dinner they could no longer carry on their innocent conversations about Venice. She was so uneasy that she jumped when Streeter reached for a cigarette. He had come to admire her and to depend on her—he had never been so well taken care of—and he decided that the most sensible thing to do would be to go away for a few days. He was entitled to some annual leave, and he went off that evening to consult with friends about a short trip to Florence. His friends recommended a *pensione* north of the city, where he could speak Italian, and urged him to go north by way of Perugia and return by the ancient road from Florence to the sea. A day later, Streeter said goodbye to Paola and drove north.

He spent a day in Perugia, where he was taken for a Frenchman—a sign, he hoped, that his Italian was improving. Then he settled in the *pensione* outside Florence. Most of the other guests were Italian, but they did not talk to Streeter, whose conversation was confined to the *padrone* and the maids. He discovered that, through talking with Paola, he had improved his knowledge of what to say at table. The *pensione* was cavernous, labyrinthine, with faded mirrors at every turning of the stairs, and, in the long corridors, portraits of unknown duchesses, and bowls of flowers gathered with some difficulty by the maids, for both the garden and the house were terribly run down. There were broken things everywhere—broken pots on the terrace and broken chairs in the *salone*. Streeter thought now and then of Paola, who would be keeping his flat ready for his return, darning his socks, and turning the collars of his shirts—and all of this faithfully and tenderly, he thought, although he knew perfectly well that the unemployment statistics in Rome left her no choice. Toward the end of the week, he packed his bags and paid his bill at the *pensione*.

Before he left Florence, he stopped at a garage and asked about the ancient road to the sea, and was told that such a road existed but that it was dangerous. It was not on any modern road maps or mentioned in guidebooks. He walked back to the *pensione* and asked the *padrone*, and the *padrone* knew the road and even had a map, dating from the eighteen-seventies, that showed the way from Florence to the sea, but he discouraged Streeter from taking this route. He spoke so excitedly that Streeter understood very little of what he said, but he did catch, repeatedly, the words "robber," "brigand," and "murderer." The *padrone* pointed to Streeter's signet ring, and Streeter gathered that in that wild country they would cut off a man's hand for a gold ring. Timorous people had been warning him about robbers ever since he came to Italy, but he had not yet seen one. He said goodbye to the *padrone* and was on his way.

He had good weather—clear air, a bright light in the sky, and massive clouds drawing their shadows over the hills—and the ancient road and the Tuscan countryside seemed like his beloved New England, only bewitched, with all the cars but his asleep in their garages and all the houses turned to stone. He was pleased to be driving on a lonely road, and felt happy and carefree. He passed nothing but white oxen, some of them wearing crowns of flowers. Streeter sang, skidded around corners, and admired the fair country with its castles. It was a famous road, or it had been. The King of Spain and his army, the King of France, Pope Paul and his nephew Cardinal Farnese, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the Patriarch of Constantinople had come this way, below the walls of Siena and thence to the sea. He had seen this painted on the walls of chapels and palaces, and he could see both the winding miles that lay ahead of him and the miles he had come, and he wondered how it must have been to travel by horseback, and halt your journey at dusk, and see, out of the windows of the castle where you would stay, the turnings and bridges and hills of the next day's travel.



"Well, if they're not bird watchers, they're a bunch of damned snobs."

In the middle of the afternoon, he came to an old village that was still contained within its medieval walls. There was a piazza with trees, and tables under them, and he stopped here for lunch. He ate Parma ham with figs, and half a roast duck, drank a whole bottle of wine, and set off in the late afternoon, feeling more carefree than ever. Below him he could see a stream whose course was as crooked as the road and whose banks were full of clear, slowly moving water. He would have liked to stop and swim and explore the banks, but he wanted to get to the sea by dark, and there wasn't time.

Shortly after that, he heard thunder. The wind began to rise. It was an exhilarating sound—a cheerful wildness scattering everything, including his regrets about the stream. Green leaves spun in the air, and all the countryside was gently upset. Then darkness came down quickly, covering the hills and mountains, and, five minutes later, hail rattled on the hood of his car like rock salt. Lightning struck somewhere in the valley, and the wind began to strip the olive groves of whole branches of unripe fruit. There was another gust of hail, and then a calamitous rain set in, and it was so dark that he had to turn on his lights. He drove very slowly, thinking that the violence of the storm meant it would be brief, and that in ten or fifteen minutes there would be a brilliant clearing. But the sky remained dark, and the rain came down like a cataract. Ahead of him on the summit of the next high hill he could see a ruined inn, or tollhouse, or castle, which, with its tower and broken walls, looked like a romantic hideout for thieves, and he remembered the *padrone's* warnings.

He started in first gear down the wet slope. It was steep and winding, and below him he saw a stone bridge with a high arch. The storm, striking sooner in the mountains than in the valley, had filled what was normally a gully with a torrent of white water. The water had risen so suddenly, and had swept down so much rubbish, that it had begun to rise above the arch and flood the road. Streeter slammed down the rest of the road, got the car across the bridge, and started up the next slope, with a feeling of exhilaration, as if, after crossing that stream, he had left the storm behind him and would find his way ascending and peaceful hereafter. The sky was still dark, and

the rain was dense, and, looking back, he could see he had crossed the bridge just in time. It was flooded. How happy he was! How fortunate! How lucky!

The road uphill was steep and slippery; his wheels skidded and knocked rocks downward. At the summit of the hill, the road turned, and he saw the tower of the ruin that commanded the road. There was a lighted candle in one of the windows. The road levelled off for a few hundred yards and then started circuitously and steeply down again—so steeply that he saw there was a chance of running into another torrent. He drove the car into an olive grove at the side of the road, planning to investigate on foot. He took off his shirt and jacket, so that he would have something dry to put on, and walked into the valley. The rain and the wind were cold, and the day—or what was left of it—was gloomy, but he was glad, in a way, to be on foot. As he went deeper into the valley, he heard the roar of water, and at a turn in the road he saw another torrent. The road was impassable. The bridge was inundated, whole trees had been uprooted, and while he watched, he saw the remains of a haycock and two drowned sheep come spinning down.

He could spend the night in his car, he thought. He had a few cigarettes, and wished that he had thought to bring some wine, but he could make a night of it easily enough. He started back. As he approached the car, he heard voices and saw, through the rain, three men. They seemed to be farmers, and wore capes of woven straw over their heads and shoulders, against the rain. He called up to them belligerently, and asked what they wanted. Their replies were so courteous that he felt ashamed of his abruptness. They wished him good evening, and said that it was a bad storm, and that, seeing his car pass their house, they had feared he might be caught in the torrent. Since he could go no farther that night, their house was his house, their supper was his supper. They spoke a dialect, but slowly, so that he could understand, and using the simplest words. Seeing their white teeth and the crude straw capes they wore to keep them dry, and being half naked, wet, and cold himself, tired and outnumbered, he felt a momentary despair. It was a galling sense of his total unpreparedness for these strangers—courteous and fawning—and the wet night. He could not tell if they had come to rob, murder, or save him. He said that he would spend the night in his car, but either because he spoke so poorly and had such a bad pronunciation, or because they planned to rob him, they overlooked his rudeness, and they repeated that their house was his house, their supper was his supper. He could not refuse again. All he could do was to proceed cautiously, trying to divine their intentions. He got into the car and drove back toward the ruin. They ran along beside the car, either out of friendliness or in order to forestall any attempt he might make to escape.

The place was an old castle, he saw when they let him in. There was a courtyard with crests on the walls, and they passed through here and into a room where a fire was burning on a hearth and an old woman was cooking over a charcoal stove. A younger woman helped her. He shook hands with them both and went to the fire to dry himself. One of the men handed him a large glass of brandy, and his gratitude for the fire and the brandy was so complete that he did not care, for a few minutes, what their intentions were. He turned to look at the room.

It was a large room, like a loft, with white walls and dark rafters. The younger woman was setting a table with silver and linen, which she took from a chest. The linen and silver were their best, he could see, and would be saved for priests, *festas*, wayfarers, and perhaps victims. The old lady was at the stove, firing the coals with a fan made of chicken feathers. The three men sat on a bench, and when Streeter looked in their direction, they all three smiled at him, showing all their teeth. Streeter was old enough to know how small a part teeth play in our ultimate happiness, but nevertheless the show of teeth was charming. So was the scene—charming and tranquil—but Streeter felt like an odd stick.

He was afraid, physically afraid, to begin with; afraid that these strangers might rob him and turn him out into the storm, and that even should he find assistance—find the police—his Italian was not equal to explaining why he had chosen such a lonely road and come into the house of strangers. His fear may have partly accounted for the fact that his hosts—his captors—seemed to him to be people of marked physical beauty and ease. The girl was lovely, and even the old lady, bent over the stove, seemed to have come to graceful terms with her age. Wild horses—the Devil himself—could not get her into a hat piled with cloth flowers and sit her down at a table in Schrafft's. If it was not beauty, then it was intactness. Streeter had compared Italian faces with his own image and the related images of his own countrymen often enough on the Via Sistina to know this as a quality Americans had not yet discovered. Why, coming from such a broad and mighty country, should they be stamped by an air of fruitless introspection? Why should they be so taken with anxiety and self-blame? He might, it was true, be standing right now in a den of thieves and murderers, but the air of blamelessness was perfect. It was like water. Whatever crimes these people had committed—were planning at that moment to commit on his person—had not left a shadow on their conscience. Faced with this blamelessness, Streeter experienced a repetition of that despair he had felt when he first met the strangers in the rain. It was the despair of total unpreparedness and a deeply discouraging sense of the needless complexity of his own arrangements. He thought of the doctors and lawyers—that host of paid advisers whom he consulted about his taxes, his alimony payments, his trusts and annuities, even about the beating of his heart and the functioning of his digestive tract. He was not a farmer and did not want to be one, and he was not prepared to take up the simple life of his hosts, nor was he prepared to defend the complexity of his own affairs. When one of the men said something he could not understand and they all looked at Streeter and laughed, he wondered if the robbery was about to begin, but instead they all sat down to supper.

It was a hot meal, and Streeter's glass was kept filled with wine. He apologized for his Italian, and then talked about Florence and Rome, where they had never been. He seemed able to make himself understood, but their dialect was difficult for him to follow. When the table was cleared, one of the men took a guitar and began to sing.

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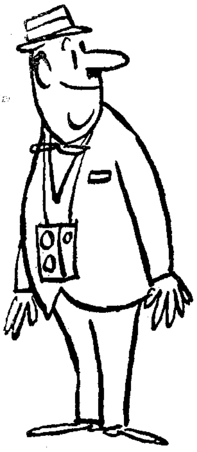

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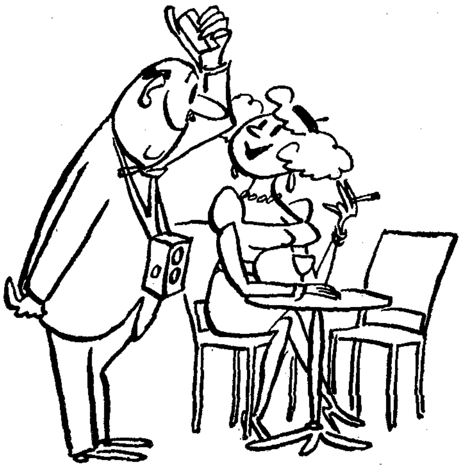

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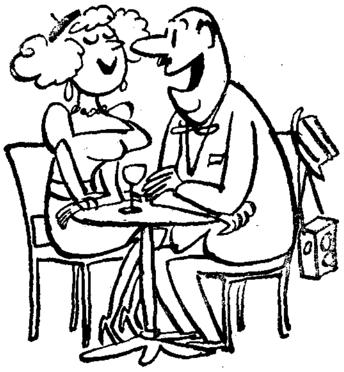

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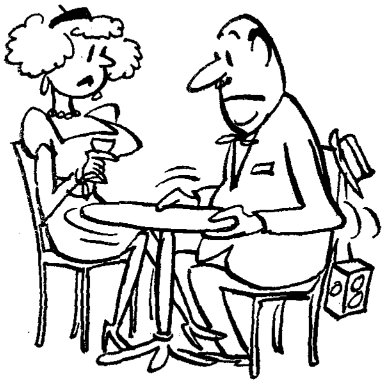

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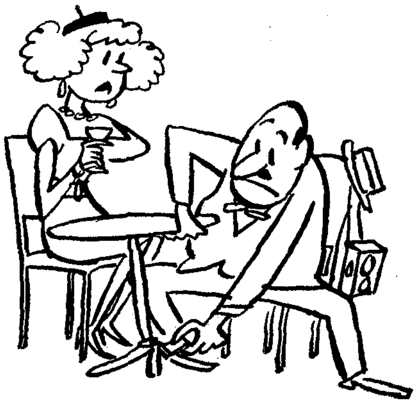

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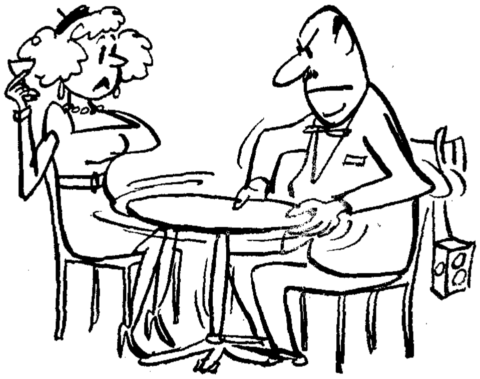

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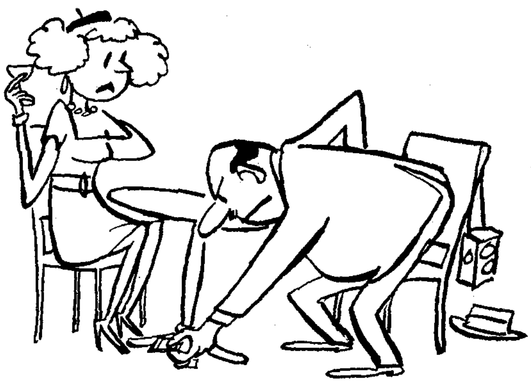

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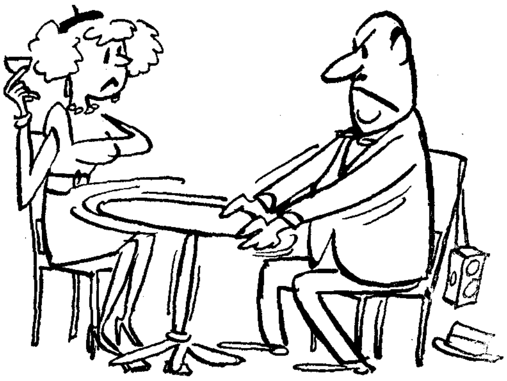

He sang love songs, boat songs, and gambling songs. All the words were spirited and all the airs were sad, and when he paused, they could hear the rain on the windows and the roofs. Then the old lady asked Streeter to please sing for them a song of his own country. Oh, merry enough or drunk enough or standing in the shower, Streeter could sing, all right, but what would they have made of "Fair Harvard" or "Casey Jones"? He apologized as well as he could, and said that he had no voice, but the old lady seemed perplexed or offended, as if she had never before heard of a man who couldn't sing. The evening was over—Streeter's refusal seemed to have ended it—and the men took him across the court and showed him where he would sleep. More was said, which he could not understand, and Streeter felt sure that he was about to be robbed, but they only wished him sound sleep and pleasant dreams and went away. The room was like a cell. There was one high, barred window. Streeter undressed and, on the chance that he could be seen, blew out his candle before he took the money from his wallet. The sounds of the storm outside the ruined castle convinced him that he would be robbed, sooner or later. He removed a loose brick in the wall, put his money into the crevice, and then replaced the brick. He covered himself with a blanket and, thinking of Paola, fell into a pleasant sleep. When he woke in the morning, he was sure that he had been robbed. He looked in his pocket for his ring and watch, but they were

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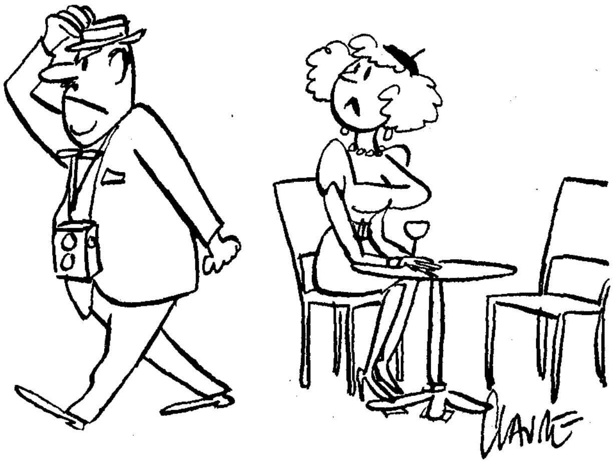


where he had left them. Then he discovered that most of the bricks in the wall were loose and that there was no way of telling where he had hidden his money. At first he was foolish, hasty, pulling out all the bricks and heaping them on the floor. Then he tried to remember where he had been standing in relation to the bed and the candlestick when he hid the money. It was apparent to him by then that he had cunningly robbed himself. The lonely road and the grace of these strangers had created an atmosphere wherein his practicality collapsed. He could blame the *padrone* in the *pensione*, but he did not know whether the *padrone* had used the past, the present, or the conditional tense when he spoke of robbers and brigands, and his pointing to Streeter's gold ring might have been in reference to something that had happened in the fifteenth century. It took Streeter half an hour to find his money, and nearly another half hour to repair the wall. Then he walked across the court to the kitchen.

The old lady was alone, and she ladled him out a bowl of coffee and hot milk. She seemed to have forgiven him his refusal to sing for them. When he rose to go, he tried to pay her, but she refused his money—first with dignity and then with some indignation. He left the money on a table and wished her good fortune and got into his car. The three men were clearing the bridge of the rubbish left there by the torrent, and when he stopped to say goodbye, they urged him to stay at their house whenever he passed on that road.

STREETER came to the sea at noon, and the road to Rome, and in the evening got back to his flat, where Paola, blushing and smiling, let him in. She was, naturally enough, glad to see him, since she had not spoken to anyone for a week, but when he called her into the dining room after dinner in order to resume his Italian conversations, she said she had a favor to ask. Her sister was sick, and she would like to visit her for a day. She could take the night train, spend the day in Cesena, and return on the night train. Streeter, expansively, urged her to go whenever she wanted and to stay as long as she liked. She thanked him with tears in her eyes. Streeter could dine with friends, and no generosity was involved in his offer, but he basked fatuously in the looks of gratitude she gave him. She would like to leave, she said, on Wednesday night, after she served his dinner, and return on Friday morning. He insisted that she stay longer, and she finally consented to stay until Saturday. She repaid his generosity by attacking the housework with more zeal than ever. Before she went away, she cleaned and repaired clothing that he would have thrown away, and made the stone floors shine like glass.

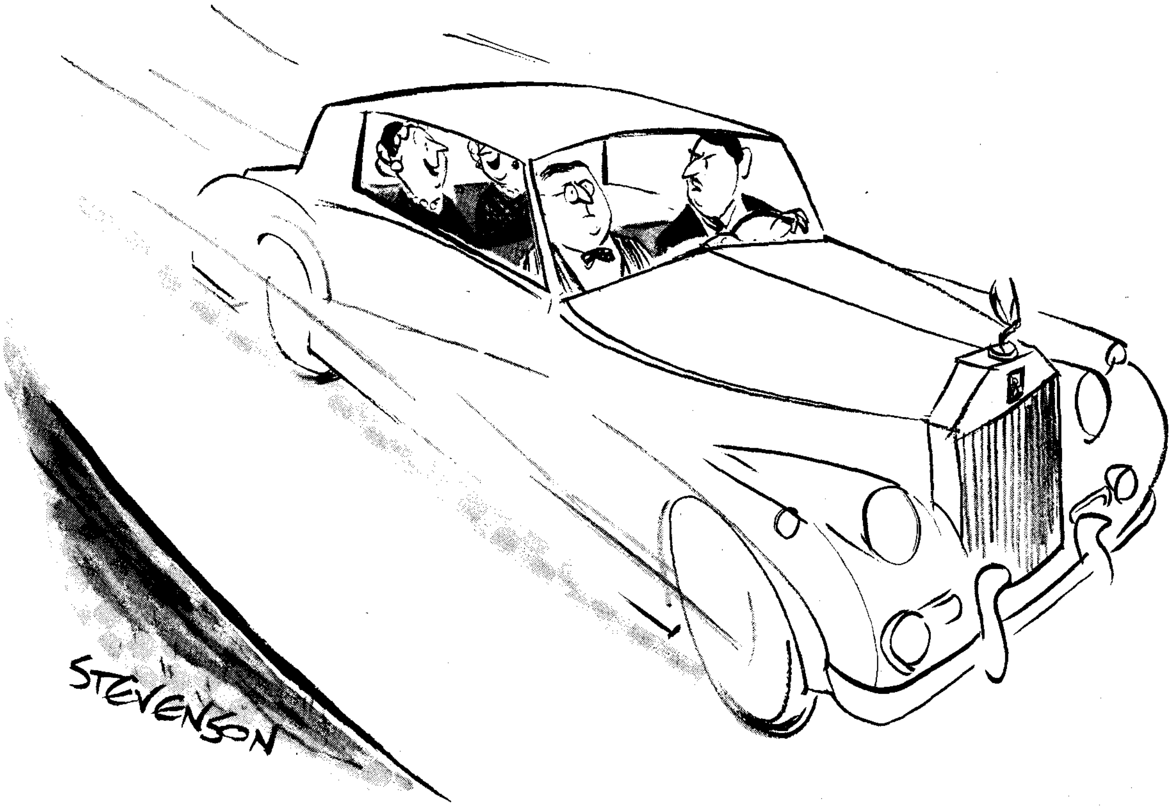
Streeter inconsiderately had dinner at home on Wednesday; he wanted to say goodbye. The train for Cesena left at eleven, he knew. Paola would change at Bologna and reach home in the morning, travelling third-class on a slow train all the way. He wanted to give her money to travel on a better train. It was not what she expected from him—it would confuse her—but he called her into the *sala* and gave her the money anyhow. She could use it for something else. She was dressed for the trip and wore the white hat, the white gloves, and the shoes that seemed to hurt her. Her face, as she turned to say goodbye, seemed to be the clear, stoic, immature face of a child put out to hard work at too early an age, and it reminded him of the faces of those boys who carry trays of coffee and brandy through the streets of Rome, of the girls who sell wild flowers in the Piazza Venezia, or, in the country, by a river, of the children doing a farmhouse wash. It was the combination of tender youth and gruelling work that gave them all such an appealing look of simple cheerfulness and wonder. He wished her a good trip and all good things, and heard the door close.

She was back at work when he came in from his office on Saturday, and he asked about her sister. The doctor had said that her sister was dying—only a miracle could save her—but then Paola went on to tell Streeter how beautiful her sister looked, how white her skin was, and that her cheeks were like roses.

When he came in the next night, he heard her singing, and asked if there had been any news, she seemed so happy. She was happy, she told him, because she had gone to the Madonna of the Three Fountains that afternoon to pray for her sister. "The Madonna has worked so many miracles, Signore," she said. "Surely she will work one for my sister. She is only twenty years old. Surely the Madonna will help her. She is so young." She then returned to the kitchen, and Streeter could hear her singing. The following night, the porter delivered a telegram. It was to Streeter from Paola's brother-in-law, and it said, with elaborate courtesy, that Streeter could be counted upon to tell gently to Paola the terrible news that her sister was dead and that day buried.

Streeter could be counted on for bluntness, and he called Paola into the *sala* and said that her sister was dead. "Poor little one!" she said. "Poor little one!" She did not cry but returned to the kitchen and went on washing dishes. Streeter found the silence in the flat unbearable, and telephoned Assunta, told her what had happened, and asked if she could come to the apartment. Half an hour later, the old lady rang the bell, and he heard Paola hasten down the hall and her loud cry of grief when she saw her friend. The women wailed in one another's arms for an hour, and then Assunta came into the *sala*, and Streeter asked if there was anything he could do. There was; he could give Paola enough money to buy black cloth for mourning. Streeter gave the money to Assunta, and a few minutes later he heard the two women go out the door. Assunta spent that night and the next two nights with Paola, sleeping either in a chair or on the floor, Streeter didn't know which. There was only a cot in Paola's room. When the mourning clothes were made, she went back to her own place, and Paola took up her lonely life as Streeter's servant.

Streeter's feelings for Paola had come to be much more than desirous. He had come to admire her, her happiness seemed to be his responsibility, and he took her, one Sunday, on a picnic to Fregene. In the beginning, she was reluctant to go—it was not suitable for a *donna servizio* to picnic with her *signore*—and when she finally did go, she served him his lunch on the beach as if he had been sitting at a table. But she laughed at Streeter's jokes and cut an admirable figure in the bathing suit she had bought at the five-and-ten-cent store. That she was young enough to be his daughter and that there was a hint of impropriety in a man his age sporting with an eighteen-year-old housemaid was a case that Streeter repeatedly tried to present to himself, with no success. The discrepancy in their ages seemed to him suitable, felicitous, and not at all improper, and while he would not have gone so far as to say that marriages among the young were disastrous, he had come to look with great approval on unions between the young and the middle-aged. Admiration greatly colored his desire, and Paola's qualities—her industriousness, the calm with which she faced her aloneness in the world, the fineness and depth of her sense of courtesy—all seemed to him like the raw gold of human excellence. She was the essence of all he had come to admire in Italy—the landscapes with castles, and the singing one heard everywhere.



“*The loudest noise in* this *Rolls-Royce doesn’t come from the electric clock.*”

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It was Streeter’s feeling—it had come to be his feeling in Italy—that the simple facts of housework played a mysteriously destructive part in the relationships between the men and women of his own country. This seemed to go back to Streeter’s earliest memories, for when, through some breakdown in service or finances, Streeter’s grandmother had been obliged to wash the dinner dishes, she used to sigh, at her post over the dishpan, in a way that would turn the marrow in a strong man’s bones to water. More, much more than the simple fact of cleaning the dishes was involved. Here, one felt, as she groped in the dirty water for the silver, was a beautiful, wellborn, and intelligent lady revealed to be living at the caprice of a houseful of worthless men. Streeter’s own mother had cultivated a similar eloquent sigh when she was suffered to wield a carpet sweeper or scrape a frying pan. She was not a lazy or a sickly woman—she attacked her garden with formidable energies—but the seamier sides of housework seemed to stir in her a melancholy that was aimed at her husband and her sons. They could offer to help her, but they would only be sadly waved away. How could their clumsy good intentions change what was plainly a martyrdom? Streeter had come up against the same thing in the middle years of his own marriage, only with more intensity, for it was of critical importance to him that his wife should be well disposed in the evenings. He had invested heavily in cumbersome and expensive machines that ground up the garbage, washed the dishes and the clothing, consumed rivers of hot water, and made a noise like a boiler factory, but the melancholy of housework sometimes came between them, his wife and him, even so, and Streeter had begun to wonder if some ancient sexual axe was not being ground. It was a point of view that seemed to no one’s advantage, and he had never met with it in Italy. If he had offered to dry the dishes for Paola, she would have thought that he was out of his mind.

Streeter even thought briefly of proposing marriage to Paola, but, walking one Sunday in the Borghese Gardens, he saw what he guessed to be an American who had married his *donna servizio*. The man had the countenance of an aging boy that only the northeastern United States can produce. He was frail and elegant, with a gray Vandyke and a walking stick. With him was a very heavy woman—all in black, with gold wire in her ears and a soiled shawl over her head. She walked sullenly a little to the right and behind him. Streeter guessed that it was an old marriage, and that their unhappiness was boundless. They amounted to not much more than a shadow across his path, but it was enough to keep him from thinking any further about marriage.

With this way closed, Streeter then embarked on an enormous self-deception concerning Paola’s health. It seemed to him that the color of her cheeks was fading from day to day and that she needed a change of air. Before making his proposition, he waited until an evening when the air between them was emotionally humid. She had received that day a letter from Cesena that had made her sad. When she came in to clear the table after dinner and give him his Italian lesson, she seemed unusually lovely. He suggested that she needed a change of air, that she worked too hard. She said courteously that this was not so, that she was pleased to work for him, and that he was most gentle and generous. Then, standing—putting his hands on her shoulders—he asked if she would like to go to Venice. This suggestion, and his physical closeness, only made her rueful. He would take her to Venice, he said, if she would travel as his wife.

She was not startled this time. She did not run to her room and lock the door. She smiled at him sweetly and said that she would like to travel to Venice as his wife, but that she could not, because she was engaged. Streeter was surprised, and thought at first that he was being put off clumsily. He asked for an explanation. Paola was engaged to marry her brother-in-law. It had all been arranged through the mail. She would work for Streeter until the harvest, saving her wages for a dowry, and then go to Cesena to step into her sister’s shoes in the fields, the kitchen, and the washing trough. Did she love her brother-in-law, Streeter asked—foolishly, he saw when she replied very simply that she had only seen him three times. Then she was entitled to see Venice, Streeter said. She *must* see Venice if she was to spend the rest of her life on the farm in Cesena with a man she didn’t know. It would be nice, she said sadly, but it might be wrong. She would not do anything wrong, and she had no way of telling and no one to advise her. Streeter thought of the only person in Rome she knew—Assunta. She could ask advice from Assunta, he said. Assunta was an old woman, and honest, and she would know in this case what was right or wrong. Paola smiled. She made her decision then, and made it in such perfect aloneness that Streeter seemed to see, in terms of streets and buildings—literal distances—the fact that her name was known to so few people in the world. "She would say yes," Paola said. "She would tell me to go. She has already told me many, many times that I would have nothing to lose if I should live with you as your wife."

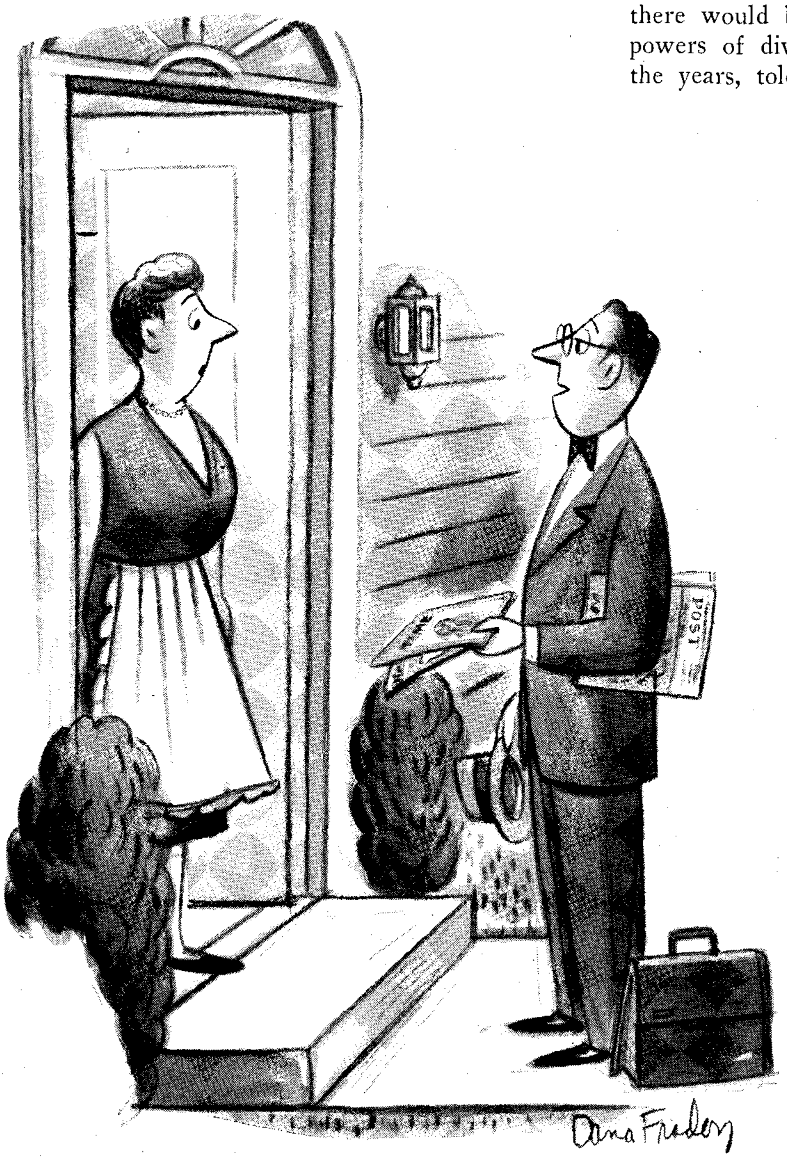
IT was three weeks before Streeter could get away from the office to make the Venetian trip, and during this time Paola functioned perfectly as his mistress and housekeeper. She greeted him tenderly in the evening when he came home from work, and did not neglect to polish his shoes. He had never been treated so handsomely. He gave her money to buy clothes for the trip, and she went to a Roman equivalent of Woolworth's and bought a velvet skirt, a petticoat, a plastic suitcase, a pair of shoes that seemed to hurt her even more than the others, and a large imitation-straw hat, also made of plastic.

They left Rome in the middle of the day, with many trains coming and going and all of them tooting their ten-lira whistles—a noise that seemed to Streeter to make the atmosphere of travel completely lighthearted and unlike the railroad stations of his native land, where the gloomy whistles and bells were a reminder of the breadth and vastness of the country.

They had a double seat in a *rapido* carriage. As they rode out through the Castelli Romani, Streeter ordered a vermouth for himself and an orangeade for Paola. She did not drink at all, and claimed that even a little watered wine made her sick. *Fa il gas,* she said, pointing to her stomach. She had never eaten lunch on a train before, and was thrilled with a badly cooked pork cutlet and a little railroad salad. After lunch, she began to pick her teeth. It was something he had never seen her do before, and she was so much younger than he that he thought for a moment of reprimanding her, but then he reminded himself that she was his mistress and not his daughter. He could tell by the way she attacked her teeth that she thought she was doing it in a way that was socially accomplished. She covered her mouth with her right hand and operated on her teeth with the left, beginning with the wisdom teeth and the molars on one side, and working all the way around past the canines to the molars on the other side. He looked out of the window at the countryside—at those landscapes of which she seemed to be the essence—and found it beautiful and touching. When he turned away from the window, she was still cleaning her teeth. He waited until she was finished, and then he took her hands in his.

After Bologna the train was crowded, and after Bologna they were in the valley of the Po, and, rolling over the fields with his new, young conquest, in the homecoming light, Streeter had exactly what he wanted. Beyond Mestre they could smell the sea, all salty and fishy, and when they stepped out of the station in Venice and she saw the motorboats and gondolas moored on the steps below them, she turned to him in deep and simple joy—in complete gratitude for his having brought her there. He had made reservations at the Danieli—this was to be a kind of honeymoon—and they took a gondola to the hotel. When he gave his name at the desk, the clerk looked past him to Paola, and Streeter sensed that there would be trouble. The clerk's powers of divination, developed over the years, told him that this was an unmarried American travelling with his *donna servizio*, and there were no rooms to be had. Streeter thought for a moment of brawling, but he had better things to do, and, looking at Paola, he saw that what distinguished and condemned her, among the other ladies in the Danieli lobby, was her youth, her sweetness, and her self-esteem. They took another gondola, to a little hotel on a back canal. Paola put on her new skirt for dinner, letting her new petticoat hang very low so that it could be seen. After dinner, they walked by alleys and bridges to the Piazza San Marco.

DAY after day, Paola was completely diverted by the charms of Venice—disappointed in nothing, except that they would someday have to leave. On their last day, they took a gondola out past the glass and lace islands to Torcello, for lunch. The restaurant there is one of the best



"Oh, no, I'm not working my way through college. As a matter of fact, I'm an associate professor with a wife and four children."

in Europe, but it is also a place with a cultivated simplicity, which Paola mistook for the kind she was accustomed to. Streeter asked for a table in the garden, and as soon as they were seated, she took off her shoes. She put them in an empty chair and then tucked her napkin under her chin, as she always did. Streeter had a cocktail and wine, and was enjoying himself, when he heard at his back the voice of an American woman. He turned. She was no one he knew, but she might have been. Golden hair, golden furs, gold bracelets, even a little gold in her whiskey voice, made him terribly homesick for her kind. Taken with her appearance, he could not stop listening to her, and her conversation, her raillery—witty, intelligent, vivacious, and worldly—occupied him for the rest of the meal, and put Paola's taciturnity in an unfavorable light. When Paola was finished with her dessert, she put one hand over her mouth and began to clean her teeth. Streeter, for the first time in their relationship, spoke sharply to her. "Don't clean your teeth at the table," he said. "And please put on your shoes." Paola, like a child, took a lingering way toward tears. First a rapt, heartbreaking blankness came over her face. Then she frowned, as the first large tears formed in her eyes and the lines of her mouth broke in agony. After this, her sobbing was loud and uncontrollable, and she was still sobbing when Streeter paid the check and got her back into the gondola.

She wept past Murano; she wept all the way into Venice. It was late—a summer day—and Streeter, holding her in his arms, saw in the water many faded roses that had been thrown there, and one dead cat. It all seemed overwhelmingly strange—the lopsided palaces, their reception halls awash with the sea, the roses, and the cat, and the city shimmering like something held in the curved surface of a Christmas-tree ornament. Nearing Venice, they passed a boat club where a young man sat on the water stairs, putting tape on an oar handle, and, with his sobbing *donna servizio* in his arms, how passionately Streeter wanted to be a young man again, sitting on the boat-club steps, putting tape on an oar. The ridiculousness of this longing made him quite sad. He supposed he could hang around Harry's Bar waiting for the blonde to show up, and the shabbiness of this idea brought his attention around to Paola, who was drying her tears. She was sorry, she said. She would never take off her shoes again.

And so they returned to Venice.

—John Cheever

NEWS FROM THE CABIN

I

Hairy was here.
He hung on a sumac seed pod.
Part of his double tail hugged the crimson
scrotum under cockscomb leaves—
or call it blushing lobster claw, that swatch—
a toothy match to Hairy's red skull patch.
Cried *peek!* Beaked it, chiselled the drupe.
His nostril I saw, slit in a slate whistle.
White-black dominoes clicked in his wings.
Bunched beneath the dangle he heckled with holes,
bellysack soft, eye a brad, a red-flecked
mallet his ball-peen head, his neck its haft.

II

Scurry was here.
He sat up like a six-inch bear;
rocked on the porch with me—
brought his own chair, his chow-haired tail.
Ate a cherry I threw.
Furry paunch, birchbark-snowy. Pinecone-brown back,
a jacket with sleeves to the digits.
Sat put, pert, neat, in his suit and his seat, for a minute,
a frown between snub ears, bulb-eyed head
toward me sideways, chewed.
Rocked, squeaked. Stored the stone in his cheek.
Finished, fell to all fours, a little roan couch;
flurried paws loped him off, prone-bodied,
tail turned torch, sail, scarf.

III

Then Slicker was here.
Dipped down—cobalt and turquoise brushes
fresh as paint. Gripped a pine tassel,
folded his flaunts, parted his pointed nib, and scrawled
jeeah! on the air.
Japanned so smooth, his head peak and all his shaft
(harsh taunts from that dovey shape, soft tints)—
nape and chin black-splintered, quill tips white-lashed.
Javelin-bird, he slurred his color;
left his ink-bold word here; flashed off.
Morning prints his corvine noise elsewhere,
while that green toss still quivers with his equipoise.

IV

And Supple was here.
Lives nearby at the stump.
Trickled out from under, when the sun struck there.
Mud-and-silver-licked, his length—a single spastic muscle—
slid over stones and twigs to a snuggle of roots, and hid.
I followed that elastic—loose
unicolored knot, a noose he made as if unconscious—
until my shadow touched him. Half his curd
shuddered, the rest lay chill.
I stirred. The ribbon raised a loop;
its end stretched, then cringed like an udder;
a bifid tongue, his only rapid, whirred
in the vent; vertical pupils lit his hood.
That part, a groping finger, hinged, stayed upright.
Indicated what? That I stood
in his light? I left the spot.

—May Swenson

INTIMATIONS OF MORTALITY

DEATH is a matter so vast that I imagine no one understands its meaning completely until the moment when it encloses him. In most cases, I think, comprehension comes slowly, gradually, piecemeal; certainly it has been so this far in my own life. I remember the first time I saw death, immediate and close at hand. It was when my family was living in Rochester, and I was about fifteen; I was walking on one of the streets in our quiet neighborhood—Kislingbury, maybe, or Selye Terrace—one summer afternoon, when a car came up behind me and passed me, travelling fairly fast. As it reached the corner ahead, an old man on a bicycle rode out square in front of it.

The rest happened in an instant, and there was not a chance of anyone's avoiding it. There was a thud and crash of glass, metal, and, probably, flesh, meeting, mingling, and smashing, and then, even as the car slid and skidded, I saw the man hurled back and down, disappearing in front of the car's black bulk, and the bicycle ground under one front wheel and shot out sidewise. By the time I ran up, the car's driver—a big, red-faced, prosperous-looking man in a light gray suit ("Damn it, damn it, *damn* it!" he was crying, and "He was on the wrong side of the *street!*")—was out and running to the front of the car. By then, others were coming, too—a man who had been mowing a lawn up near the corner, and a couple of men who had been walking on the sidewalk opposite—while from the until-then drowsing houses, still others were appearing: women in their house dresses coming to the doors or out onto the porches, men hurrying around from the back yards. The whole neighborhood was awakening to the fact that there had been an accident.

Meantime, the man lay sprawled on the pavement dead, to all appearances. He was small, thin—small and thin with the wizenedness that comes with age—lank-faced and white-haired, wearing a pair of brown pants and a clean white shirt, short-sleeved, that revealed the skinniness of his arms; and he wasn't dead, really. He lay there motionless for what seemed like a number of minutes, while one woman went to get blankets and another to telephone for an ambulance, and then suddenly he stirred, and the pale lips moved. "Oh dear. Oh dear. Oh dear," he began muttering softly. He was bruised, and there were cuts on one arm and on his cheek, from which he was bleeding. But, by a miracle, he seemed otherwise uninjured. A little later, he was struggling to sit up, and, when they made him lie still, feeling feebly about for his glasses, which lay smashed beside him. "But I've got to get back!" he protested. "Can't you see? I've got to get *back!*"

But he *had* been dead, as far as I was concerned—as, in a queer way, those few seconds between the time he came wobbling out of the side street and the moment he landed on the pavement had been his whole life for me. He was old, really old; I was far too young then to be a sure judge of age, but I thought he must have been in his seventies, or close to them, and, like most old men, probably absent-minded into the bargain. Unsteady, too; he had no business being on a bicycle in the first place. No doubt his family—the married daughter he lived with, maybe, and her husband—had been urging him all along to give the thing up, quit riding it. "The stores will deliver anything you want, Pa, or one of the kids can get it," they'd told him. "And Joe or I will take you riding in the car any time you want to."

But the old man was stubborn, and a relic of the fast-disappearing bicycling generation besides, so he probably set great store by his bicycle. ("Where's my wheel?" he'd demanded once, as he was reviving, and the old-fashioned term—which my father still used, incidentally—had pointed up his age still further. "I don't want anything to happen to that wheel.") Had he belonged, as my father had, to one of those sporty turn-of-the-century "century clubs," whose members could boast that they'd covered a round hundred miles or more in the space of twenty-four hours on a wheel? In any case, he had resisted all the family's pleadings. "I can take care of myself, Nancy, don't you fear," he had told them every time the subject came up; and when they thought about it, really, nothing *had* ever happened to him—and it was a relief to have him out of the house occasionally. This time, possibly, he'd been riding over to Maplewood Park, to tour the quiet paths and drives there. . . .

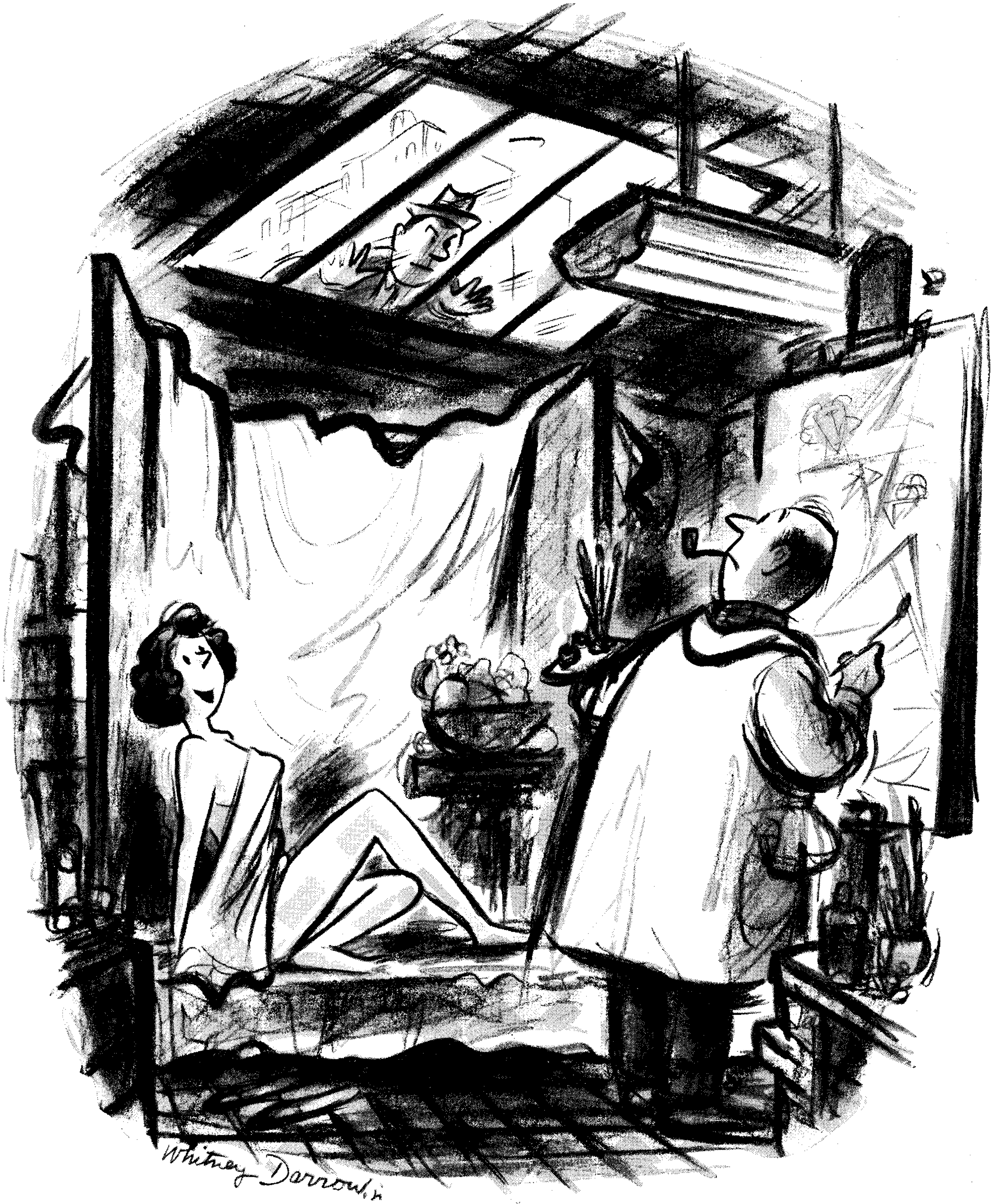
I stayed, watching, till the ambulance came, and then I went on my way. Whatever happened to him, it was fairly clear that his bicycling days were over.

ARKET
EGGS
SPECIALS
WEEK
BARBER SHOP

THE old man had been dead—for me, anyway—long enough to show me the simple fact of death's suddenness. It was winter, on a cold, clear, moonless night, and I was coming home, late, from the Kondolfs' pond up on Seneca Parkway, where my friends and I all skated in season, when an understanding of death's finality was borne in on me.

In a way, it was nothing, really. But an uncle of mine, Uncle Will Davidson, had died a few months earlier, and I had been to the funeral and had seen him in his coffin. He had been my favorite uncle. The youngest of my mother's several brothers and sisters, he had also been the gayest, and he had played with me untiringly, joked with me, teasing, cajoling, from as far back as I could remember. His playful moods always came without warning, and as I was an only child, they were especially delightful to me. I could never tell when some fancy would seize him, and, when it did, it might range anywhere from a game of giveaway checkers, with all the rules turned topsy-turvy, to a game of cowboy and bandit, with the two of us bang-banging away at each other wildly from behind the sofas and chairs in the living room.

He accepted the sometimes equally unexpected results of his joking. Once, when I was a tiny youngster (by the time a few years had passed, the episode had become a family anecdote, repeated endlessly, to, of course, my own embarrassment), he was sitting opposite me at table, smoking. Suddenly I heard him cry out "Bob! Bob! I'm on fire!" and I turned to see his whole face—or his mouth and nostrils, anyway—enveloped in smoke. He had simply held his breath and let a mouthful of smoke trickle slowly out. But without a moment's hesitation, and with what I still think was admirable presence of mind, I seized a glass of water and dashed it in his face. To his credit, Uncle Will laughed



"Oh, he's my fiancé."

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as heartily as the rest of the family.

And now I had been to his funeral; I had seen him in his coffin. Yet it was not until that starry winter's night that the full realization came over me—and with no pain or anguish that I can remember, either, but rather with a feeling of awe at the finality of it—that Uncle Will was dead, really dead; I would never see him, hear him, *have* him again.

I can't tell, now, why the feeling came at me at just that moment; I suppose it must have sprung from some glancing realization that I was looking straight into infinity itself when I looked up at the sky, but I doubt if I even figured out that much, then. But I can still see the flat, snowy areas of that semi-suburban section, then only scatteredly built up with houses; feel the cold—the biting, nose-piercing cold that the Lake cities know; see the sky, ice-black where it wasn't glittering; and feel, too, though more dimly now, the force of that instant of realization: that my uncle was dead, dead for good, for ever.

And there was a late fall day—warm, smoky, hazy, lazy, the lawns littered with leaves and the gutters piled high with them, and some of the piles burning cracklingly while a householder watched and tended—when I was walking again in Rochester, this time on Emerson Street, and a sense of what I can only think of as death's immensity was brought home to me. I was passing a sort of exercise hall, or riding arena—a long, low-roofed building set back a little way from the street; it was a building that had always held a fascination for me, since it was the place Rochester's fashionable cavalry unit, Squadron A of the National Guard, an organization I longed to belong to someday, held its drills. And now, on the stretch of lawn before it, there was a group of youngsters running about, more or less at random, in a game of touch football. Suddenly, the neighborhood scene, ordinary and innocent as it was, coalesced into sadness, and I thought, These trees, these buildings—that old telephone pole, even—will all still be here when I'm dead and gone.

The thing I remember most clearly about the moment was the feeling I had of complete isolation, a kind of cosmic loneliness. I was about sixteen at the time, and that is always an age of uncertainty, when one is no longer a boy and still not yet in any degree a man. Perhaps, unconsciously, my sense of the situation may have been heightened by the contrast before me: on the one hand, the boys, just young enough for me to feel superior to them (while possibly envying their noisy romping), and, on the other, the riding hall, the symbol of the kind of manly adventure that was unattainable as yet to me, which I envied, too.

And it was all overblown, in the very fashion of the sixteen-year-old. But it was my first real intimation of my own mortality, and so, to me, memorable, and I still recall that there was no rancor or bitterness about it; rather it was a feeling almost of tenderness—tolerant and all-enveloping, full of kinship and resignation—toward everyone and everything, these things that would remain after I had vanished. It may be through just such experiences that the process of growing up occurs.

It was summer again, vacation time, and I had a vacation job at the Eastman Kodak plant, out on Lake Avenue, when I realized death's arbitrariness, its capriciousness.

This was my first real job, for before that all I'd done was to run a newspaper route or do errands for the corner grocery—kid stuff, obviously—while now I was working with men, at one part, at least, of men's occupations. I worked in the factory "yard," as it was called, first as a sort of general handyman, digging ditches, loading and unloading freight cars, and so on, and then (promoted, in a sense) as a helper to the yard drayman, Frank Tobin.

Mr. Tobin was fairly well on in years by the time I encountered him—past sixty, I'd say, though as I've said earlier, a boy's idea of age is unreliable—but still solidly built and quite handy in his movements, grave, quiet, and with a certain natural dignity of manner. He was one of those men who, on aging, seem to get grayer all over; not only his hair and mustache but the very flesh of his face seemed to have lost color, settling to a uniform grayish tinge that was matched by the dusty work shirt and pants that were his usual costume.

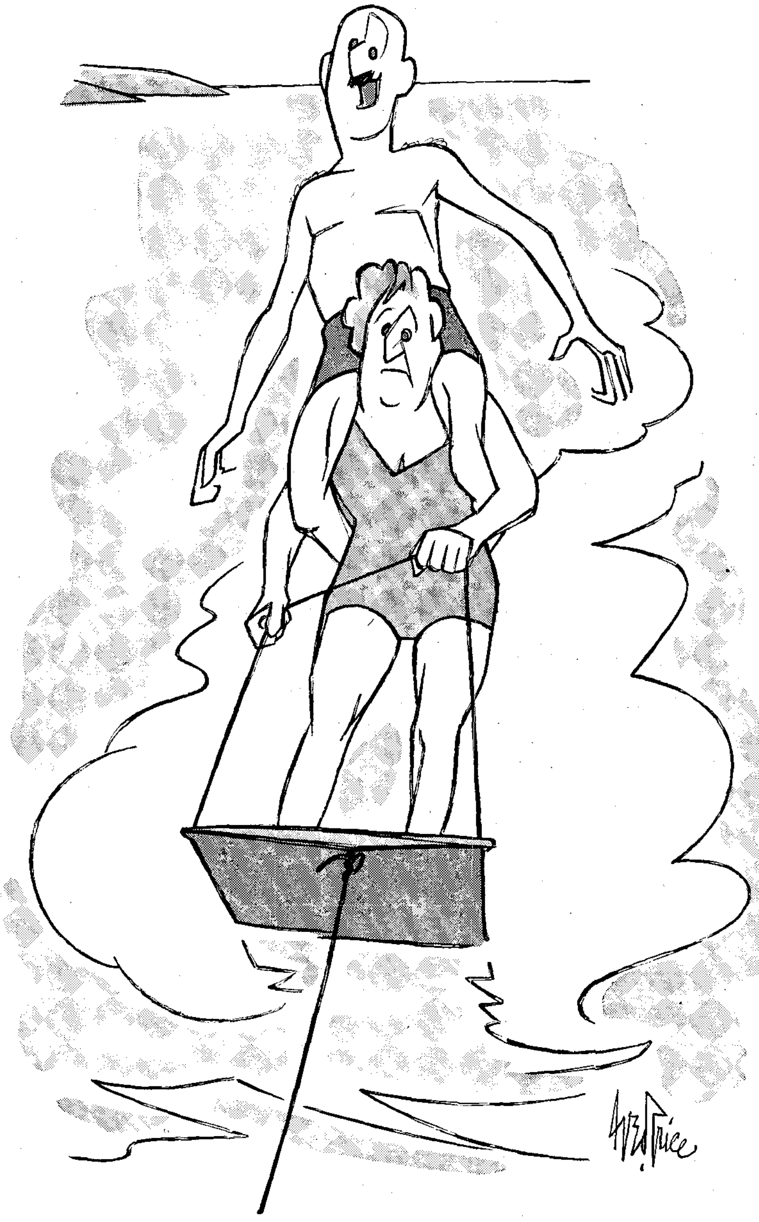
I'd been told that he was a little hard to get along with—he didn't mingle much with the others about the yard, for one thing—so I was a little scared of him to begin with. Certainly when the yard foreman stopped him as he was driving along one Monday morning and introduced me, he seemed almost monumental in his gray, graven solemnity, sitting staring down at me with his heavy-lidded brown eyes, the reins slack in his hands, and his body hunched a little on the wagon seat.

"College kid?" he asked—not of me, though he was looking at me, but of the foreman.

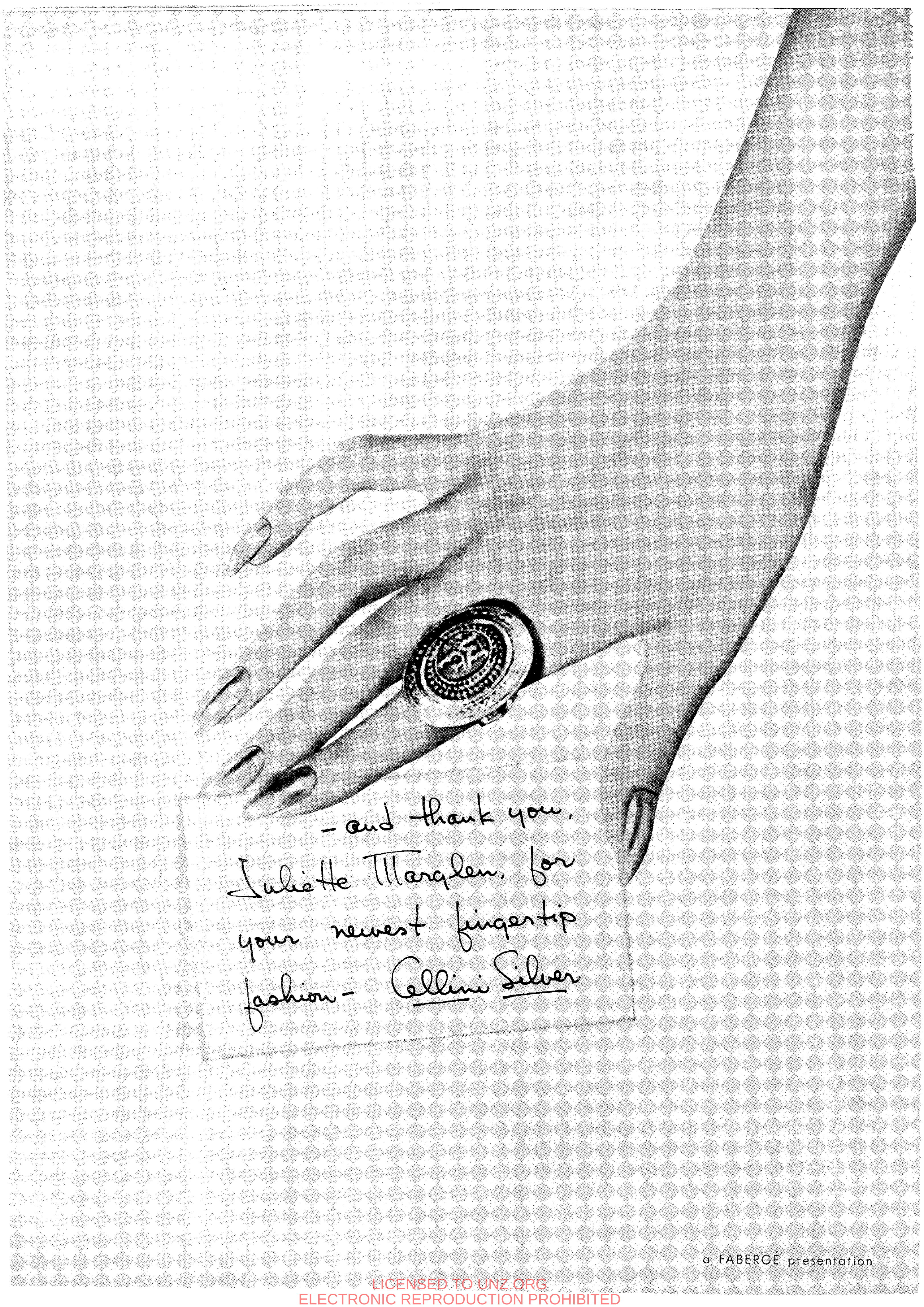
"No. High-school," the foreman told him.

Mr. Tobin drew the side of his hand across his chin in what I was to learn was one of his habitual gestures, and sighed, not sadly or in any other way, just noncommittally. "Hop in, boy," he said.

I climbed up to sit on the worn black leather cushion beside him, and we were off. It was not



"I'm afraid this can't be much fun for you, dear."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a particularly auspicious beginning, obviously, but for all that, the next few weeks, when I was working with him, were among the pleasantest that I remember.

Part of it was because of a gift Mr. Tobin had—tact, I guess, is the word that would sum it up—for silence when silence was appropriate, and for speech when that was demanded. So, that first day, he said nothing for quite a while, and neither did I. To tell the truth, I was at once intimidated and annoyed by the man (After all, that "kid"! That "high-school"!), but when he spoke at last, it turned out that my silence, grim as it had been on my part, had actually pleased him. "Well, at least you don't talk a man's arm off," he said morosely, then went on. He had a way of talking in broken sentences. "Some of those other kids I've had. That last one, the college kid before you. All he did was just talk, talk, talk, talk, all the time. Not about his studies. Oh, no! No mention of that! But about his boxing, and baseball, and what an athlete he was. And, of course, the girls. What high school d'you go to?" he asked, and I realized he had turned half around in his seat to squint at me.

When I told him West High, he even smiled a little. "My daughter went there. Elizabeth. She'd a been before your time, though. She's in college now. Nursing college," he added before I could ask what one. "She's getting the education that was denied her mother and me. Here we are, then," he said as he pulled up alongside a big lumber pile by the freight siding. "Let's see how good you are at handing up two-by-fours." And with remarkable agility for a man of his weight, he jumped down from his side of the wagon.

I don't want to go on too long about Mr. Tobin. He's gone—he was doomed, even then, though of course neither he nor I knew it—and from any reasonable point of view he was only an incident in the now fairly long course of my own life. But for some reason I can't quite define—perhaps simply because, outside my family, he was the first grown man I'd ever been in such close day-by-day relationship with—he made a deep impression on me, and I'd like to pay him some tribute now.

If I've made him seem gruff, he was so only superficially, and he soon came to hold an almost paternal interest in me and my doings. He was North Country Irish, an Ulsterman, and, as is true of all such, his basic mood was a little dour. But he could liven up on occasion, and his early stiffness with me soon van-

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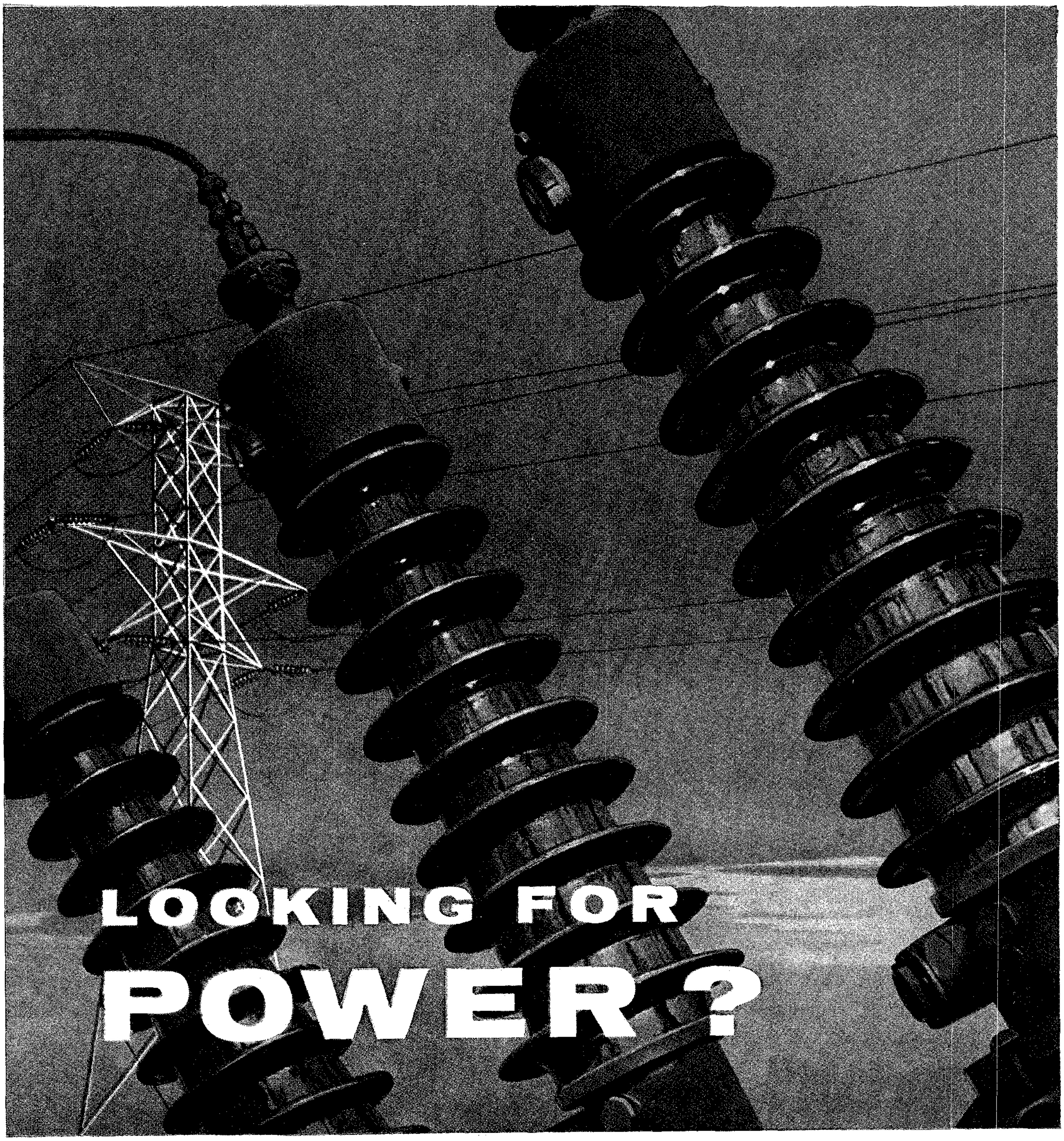

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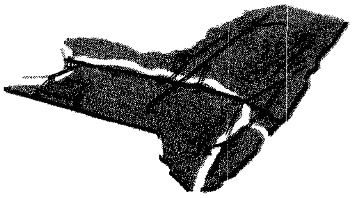

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ished, transformed into an easygoing loquacity that was actually a sort of soliloquizing; like that of a good many men who lead fairly solitary lives, his talk was frequently as much to himself as it was to me.

To be sure, this made him tend toward the oracular. But that didn't matter, either. The plain truth, I guess, is that I was drawn to Mr. Tobin, as I think he was to me, and a wagon seat is perhaps the best place for a friendly relationship such as ours was to develop. I can still recall the easy atmosphere of those days, that summer, when we'd be ambling along unhurriedly on some job about the plant, or, better still, on some longer, even more leisurely errand that took us through the shady streets outside, talking ramblingly or not talking, listening or not listening—and all this to the grate of the wheels and the creak and strain of the harness, and with the brown rumps of the horses heaving, swaying, settling, in unison, and then heaving again, as they plodded along before us.

Mr. Tobin talked often of his wife, and so fondly that I began almost to feel that I knew her. At least I got to the point where I could picture her. I saw her as a short, plump, pleasant-faced, capable woman—Scotch-Irish ("But not one of your rawboned, big-footed ones. She's in fact a little on the small side. But, Lord! Can she run a house for you! And neat, too. Neat as a pin!")—and when I did meet her, once, she was almost exactly as I had imagined her.

The one time I met her was on a Saturday night in downtown Rochester, on West Main Street—but that is another part of the story of my acquaintance with Mr. Tobin. He had his problems. He fretted a good deal about his daughter, for one thing; she was engaged to a young man he didn't like,

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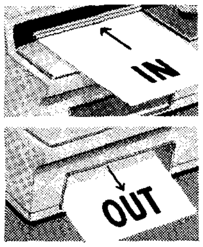

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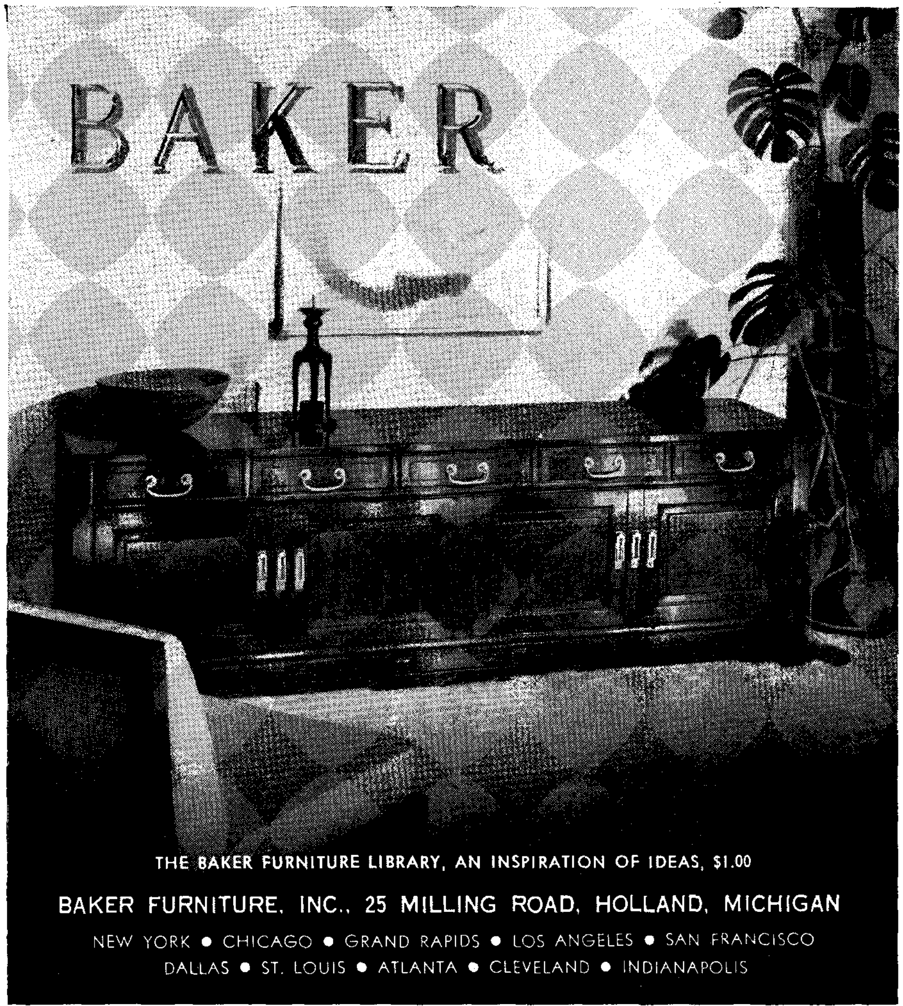

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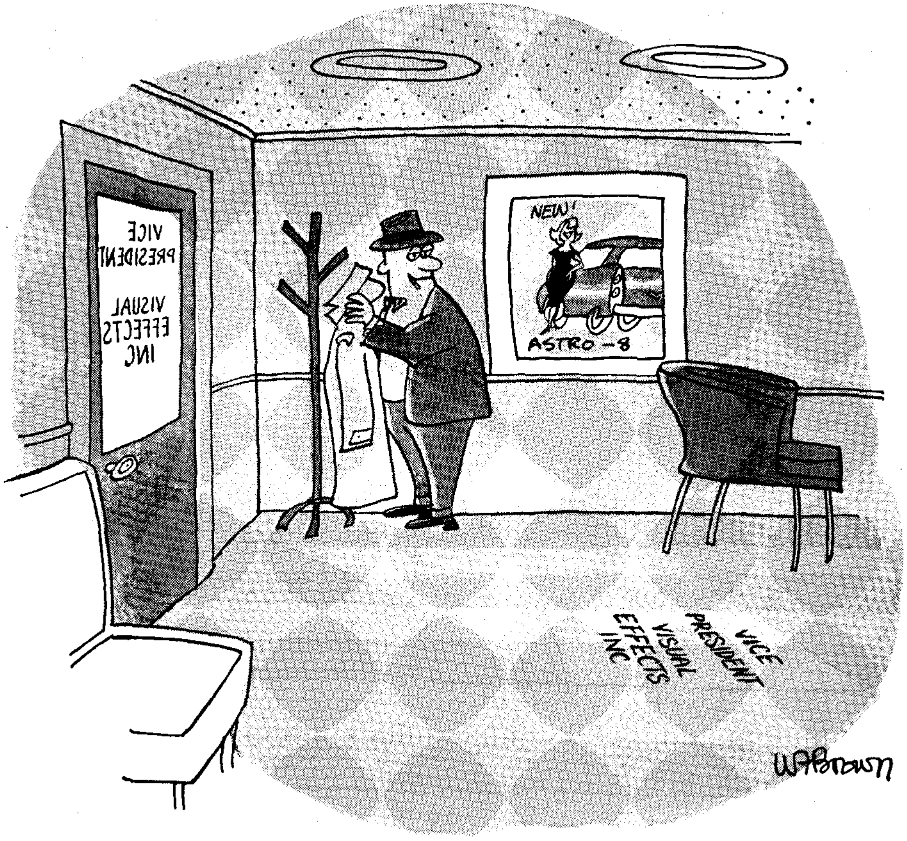
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and he was afraid she would "mess up her life" if she married him. More immediately, he had bought a new suit, and that had led him into difficulties.

Ordinarily, I gathered, his wife went along and took charge of such purchases for him. This time, though, it was for his daughter's birthday party, and some rebellious instinct had stirred within him. He had bought the suit himself, and the result had been disastrous. "They made the sleeves too short, they made the pants too short," he told me. "They just ruined it! And the trouble is, without Mamie along I didn't notice. She's the one that takes charge of such things."

I was surprised at his making so much of what seemed to be a simple matter. But I was learning—and this from Mr. Tobin, too—that age alone does not make a man invulnerable; grown people, I was discovering, had their weaknesses, too. "Well, good heavens, then, take it back," I told him. "They ought to make it right."

He had bought the suit at a shop called McFarlin's, and when I added that I'd bought clothes there myself, he glanced at me with a momentary flash of hope. Then he shook his head; that salesman, whoever he was, had really awed him. "No. What you don't see, boy, the trouble is that I had the try-on. I accepted the blamed thing. I accepted it."

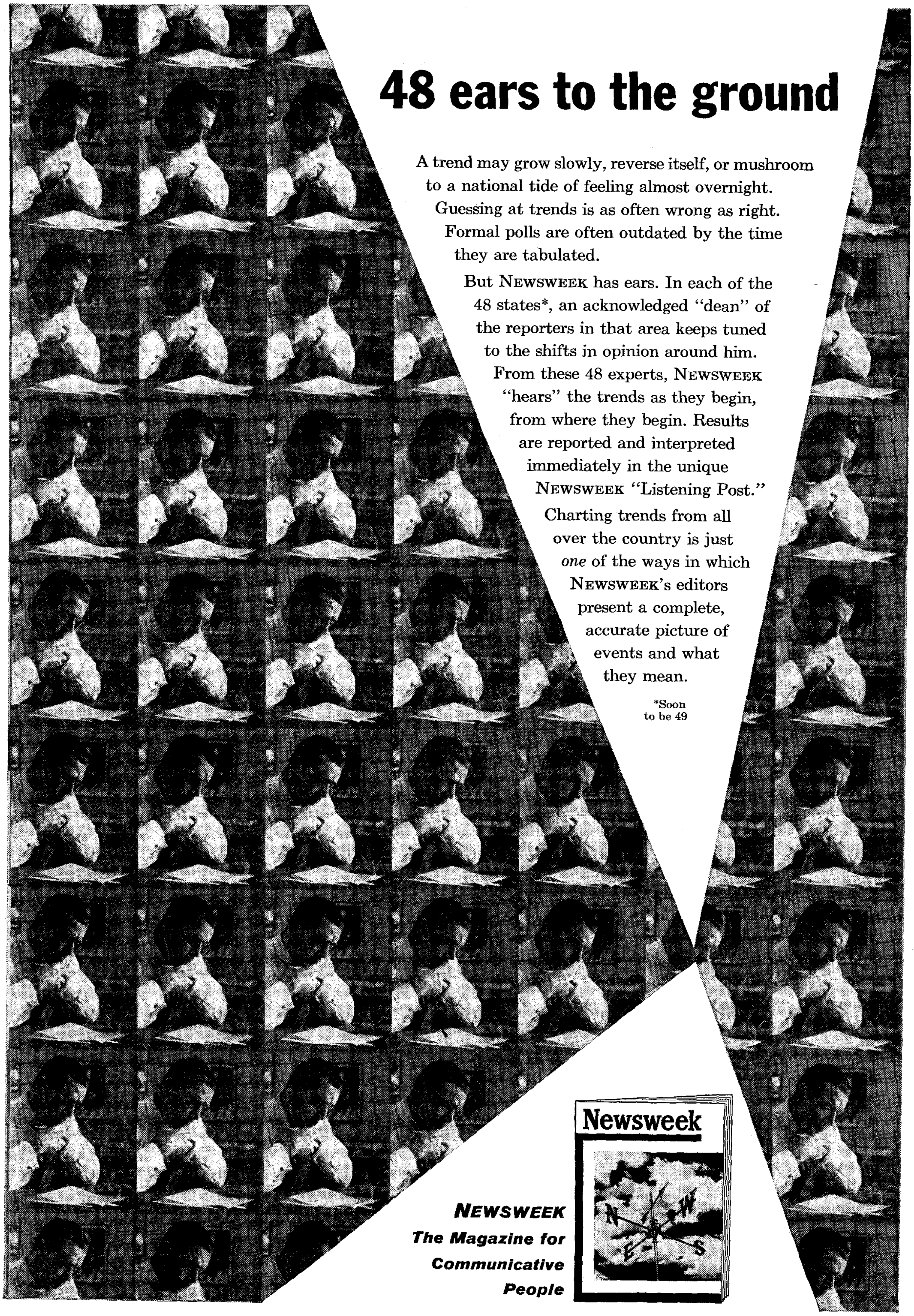
"Well, take it to a tailor, then. Have him fix it." But that went against the grain, too, for, to tell the truth, Mr. Tobin was a little close about money. "Or," I added, "why not take your wife along to the store? I'll bet she can handle it."

Almost instantly, I realized that this was the advice he had been waiting for. To be sure, he demurred a little. "But that takes away from the surprise," he protested. "She's not supposed to see it before the party."

"Better that than surprising her with a suit that doesn't fit," I countered, and he finally agreed.

I saw him the following Saturday evening, with his wife, in the downtown crowds. Mr. Tobin had a slow, thrusting, rather ponderous walk, and as I see him now, in recollection, he was like some great ship, pushing his way in my direction. He was beaming. "It's all right!" he cried, and hesitated only an instant. "Young fellow," he added. I was with another boy and a couple of girls, and I was glad, and grateful, that he hadn't used his customary "boy."

"Thanks to you, and the wife, too," he went on. "They said they'd fix that



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suit up right away. Guess they didn't dare try to talk Mamie down!" And they passed me, she nodding and smiling, he grinning broadly, and we went our separate ways. We four were headed, as I remember, for Odenbach's Rathskeller, which was *the* place to take a girl in those days.

And that, indeed, was the last time I saw Mr. Tobin, for he died in his sleep that same night, of a heart attack, and when I turned up for work the next Monday, it was the foreman, a wiry, black-haired Italian whose name I forget, who told me.

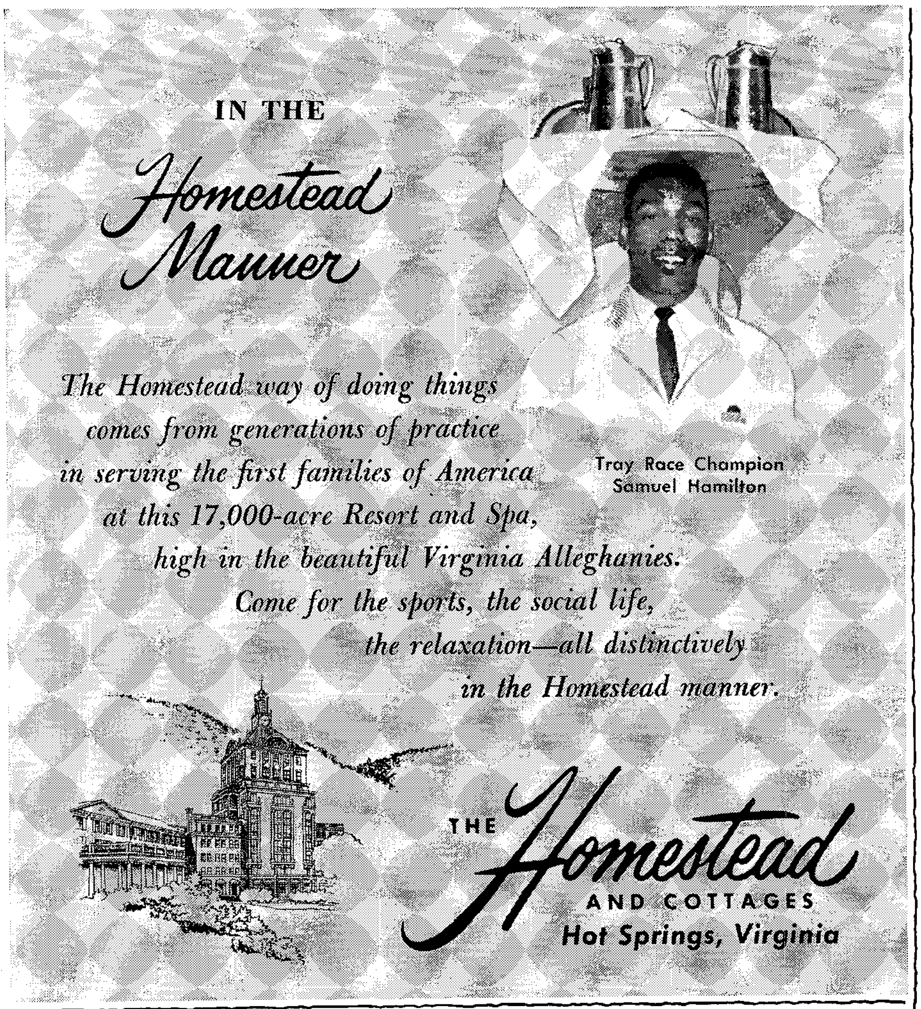
"Yeah, too bad," he said before I could even comment. "You and him got along good, too, didn't you?" He stood for a few seconds in silence, staring gravely at the ground in deference to the sad occasion. "And I know how you feel, kid," he went on, and he patted my arm.

As a matter of fact, I can't recall feeling anything at the moment; the event was too sudden—or, as I said earlier, too arbitrary, too capricious—for me to grasp immediately. "But you know," he went on, "when you come to think of it, at his age, too, it's the best way to go. Like that," and he snapped his fingers. "After all, it comes to all of us."

That, I guess, was Mr. Tobin's epitaph. But my feeling at the time—and I'm not so sure it was entirely a childish one—was that it was just too darned bad that he wasn't going to get any pleasure out of that new suit.

I SOMETIMES think that death, or our appreciation of it, comes in waves. There is the first one—so small that it's hardly noticeable, because we ourselves are so young—in which the grandparents and the older relatives are involved; the second, a little larger, is the one involving parents, and the people of their generation; larger still is the one of our own friends and close contemporaries; and then, finally, inevitably, comes the last one, engulfing everything.

It occurs to me, though, that it's odd that so many of my recollections on so portentous a subject should center on Rochester. My family was a perambulating one; we moved about a great deal when I was a boy, and I was in many places that I remember with sadness and loneliness. But Rochester to me was a happy time, a time of growing up into all sorts of knowledges, from the starting to learn about girls to the beginning feeling of one's own aspirations and capabilities. (And is death, the antithesis,



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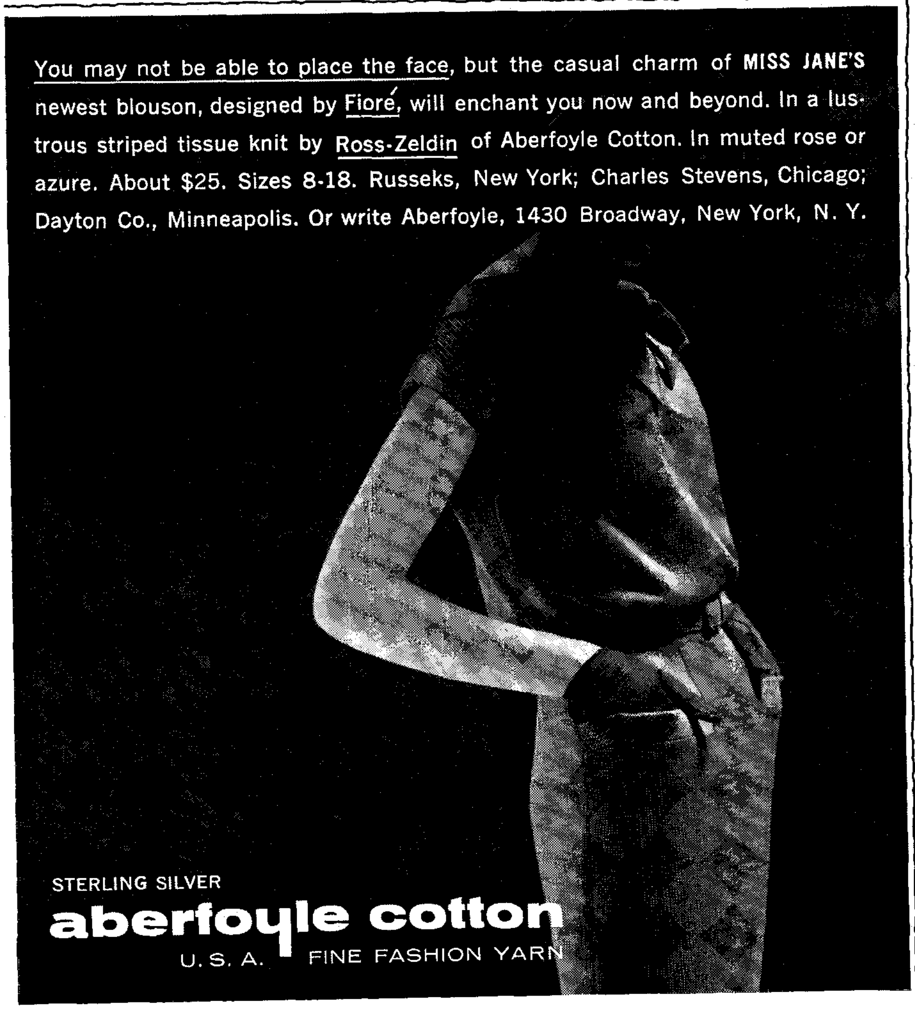

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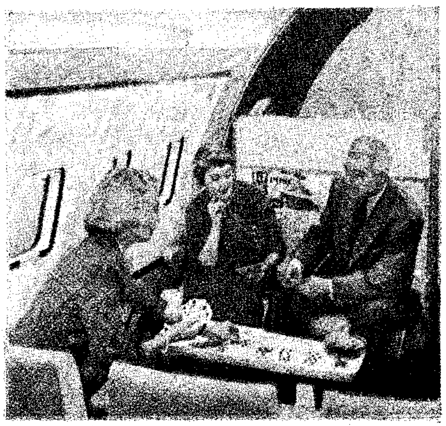

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somewhere concealed in the process?)

At any rate, even the clothing store, McFarlin's, has its cheerful connotations in my mind. It was a small store—small, at least, compared with some of the others—but someone in the management had the clever notion of giving away, free, a monocle with each young man's suit that was purchased. The monocles were of plain glass, of course, but with a neat-looking thin black frame, and a cord attached, and for a while they created what amounted to a run on the store. Anyone who had any influence at all with his parents got a new suit at McFarlin's, just to get the monocle; and while the vogue lasted we wore them everywhere—furtively at school, till the teachers shut down on us completely, and more openly at games, parties, and other gatherings.

In fact, one afternoon in the fall, not long after Mr. Tobin's death, a group of us skipped school and, young bloods that we were, went down to the old Columbia Burlesque Theatre and sat, wearing our monocles, lined up in the very first row. As it turned out, we almost broke up the show, for when the girls of the chorus came out in the opening number and saw us, they got to laughing so hard that the manager had to ring down the curtain, weed out our monocles, and then start things all over again. —ROBERT M. COATES

◆

My wife this day put on her first French gown, called a Sac, which becomes her very well, brought her over by W. Batelier.—*From "The Diary of Samuel Pepys," March 2, 1669.*

It was probably the latest thing, too.

◆

HOLLYWOOD (AP)—By act of Congress, cafe society restaurateur Mike Romanoff today is an ex-prince—and a U.S. citizen.

Congress passed a special bill allowing Romanoff to become a citizen. The 63-year-old cafe owner's Beverly Hills restaurant is a fathering spot for Hollywood and society figures.—*Madison (Wis.) Capital Times.*

Congress better look into *that*.

◆

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Portland (Maine) Press Herald*]

A relative quiet is likely to settle over the political battlefield until the Republican convention. That will be the kickoff for the GOP. Its candidates will jump out of the trenches, so to speak, and be met head-on by Democrats who have tasted blood and are in no mood to be routed.

So much is at stake that perhaps it is inevitable that a few foul balls will be hit.

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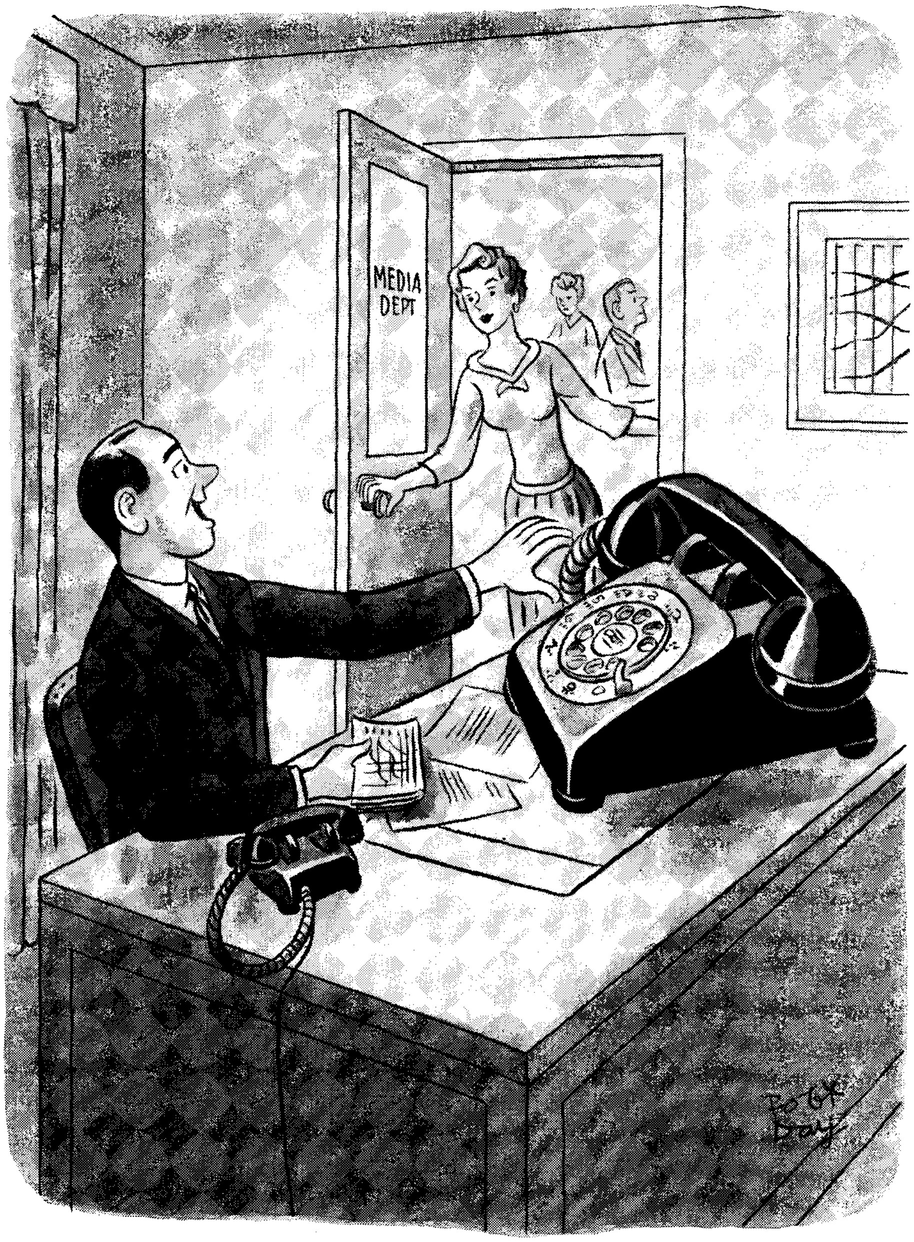

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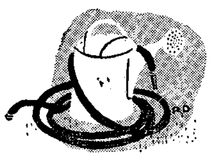
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

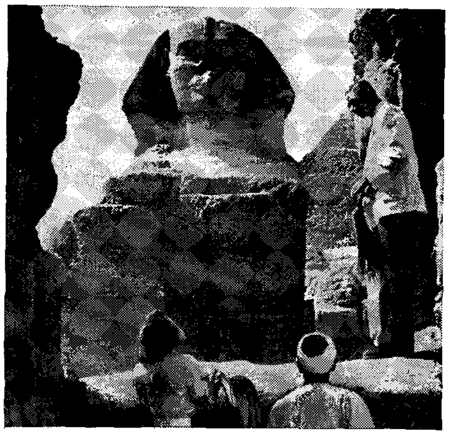
UP to a few weeks ago, I would have asserted with confidence that there was nothing more to be said (certainly by me) about those electric roasters with which, presumably, every patio and back yard in Westchester is by this time equipped. However, my interest in such appliances was recently revived by a new General Electric rotisserie-oven that not only deals effectively with all those spitted meats one sees presided over in the ads by jovial hosts in chef's hats but also—and this is what makes the thing really noteworthy and valuable—performs as a thermostatically controlled oven reliable enough to bake bread and cake in.

Seeing the appliance at a public demonstration, where it was shown baking popovers at a great rate (to be admired rising as high as the sky behind the oven's handsome glass front), I was sufficiently impressed to ask General Electric for a week's loan of the machine, so that I could satisfy my natural skepticism with more conclusive experiments. Popovers being notoriously easy risers, I started off my own tests with the much more temperamental operation of baking a layer cake, and it turned out perfectly fine. From there, I went on to tarts made of puff paste (also a success), and to some rather rich little cupcakes, which were as good as could be, and then, as something of an anticlimax, to biscuits. I did not attempt any experiments with large cakes, or even with loaf bread, but I think the baking I did was quite enough to prove that the oven is not just a party showoff contraption and that it can be a serious household aid, especially in a rented summer kitchen, where the stove is likely to be no great shakes. The oven is twenty-two inches long, fourteen inches wide, and twelve inches high, and costs around $69 at Bloomingdale and Altman.

AND now I have to tell you of another sort of cooker, which works on solar heat and which I find hard to take seriously, even though I have heard it reported on very favorably by someone who owns one and whose judgment I respect. It is called an Umbroiler, and it looks exactly like a plaid rayon beach umbrella lined with aluminum foil—an upended beach umbrella, that is, with its tip fixed to the top of a metal tripod, and a small grill (nine inches by nine and a half) attached to the shaft where the handle of a more conventional parasol would be. The function of this outlandish construction, which can also be folded up like an umbrella, is to grill steaks, chops, and so on, by the sun's rays reflected from the aluminum foil, and my informant declares that it performs this function so satisfactorily that once you have eaten a sun-broiled hamburger you will never settle for the old-fashioned electrically cooked ones again. All this I have to take on somebody else's say-so, though, since the first essential for testing the efficacy of a solar machine is the presence of the sun, and at the time I was collecting data on the Umbroiler, the star performer in the demonstration was not putting in an appearance in the heavens over Manhattan. Be that as it may, on a sunny day, this man says, the contraption will grill a T-bone steak in fifteen minutes and hamburgers in eight. You must, however, do your solar cooking between ten o'clock and four o'clock (Standard Time), and you have to follow explicitly the directions, which are really very simple, for adjusting the umbrella so that the heat is concentrated directly below the grill. The price, at Abercrombie & Fitch, is $29.95.



THE reporter of household matters has only to listen to her friends grumbling about their various domestic concerns to have ready at hand any number of subjects for discussion—if not for solution. One seasonal problem that recurrently exercises several of my acquaintances (and, probably, a good many other people, too) is the question of how small loads of household goods that have accumulated over the winter but are not enough to justify the hiring of a moving van can be transported to the country by ladies who don't drive a car. When this problem was put to me, I suggested any one of a number of reputable car-rental services that have comfortable cars for hire, complete with chauffeurs. This, it seems, isn't at all what my homemaking vacationists are looking for. They claim that such cars (usually limousines) are much too stylish for their purpose, and that the chauffeurs, while smartly attentive to such details as keeping the lap robe straight, will usually not deign to be of help in stowing away such assorted freight as a basket of kittens, a couple



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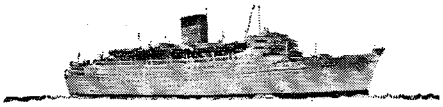

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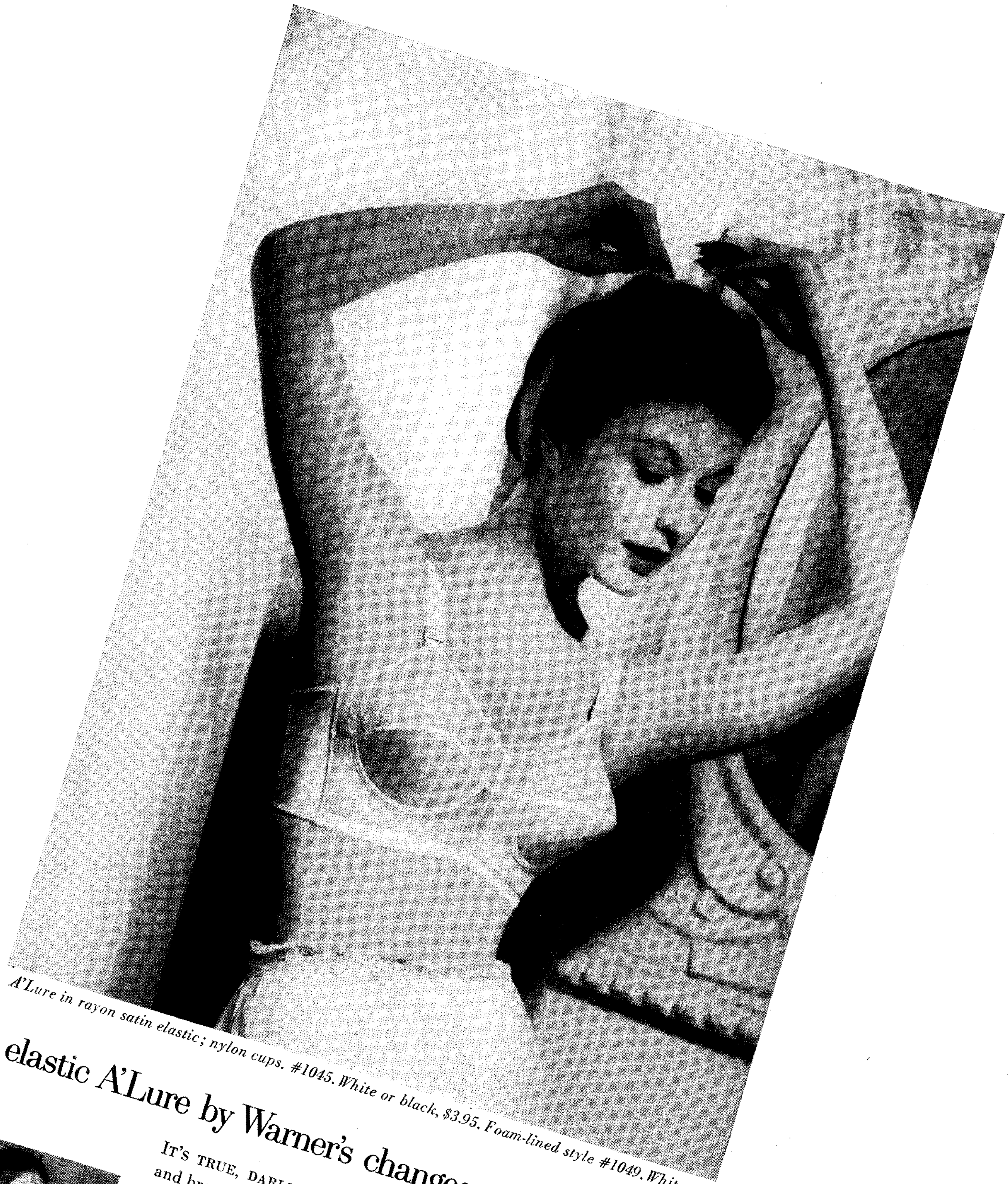

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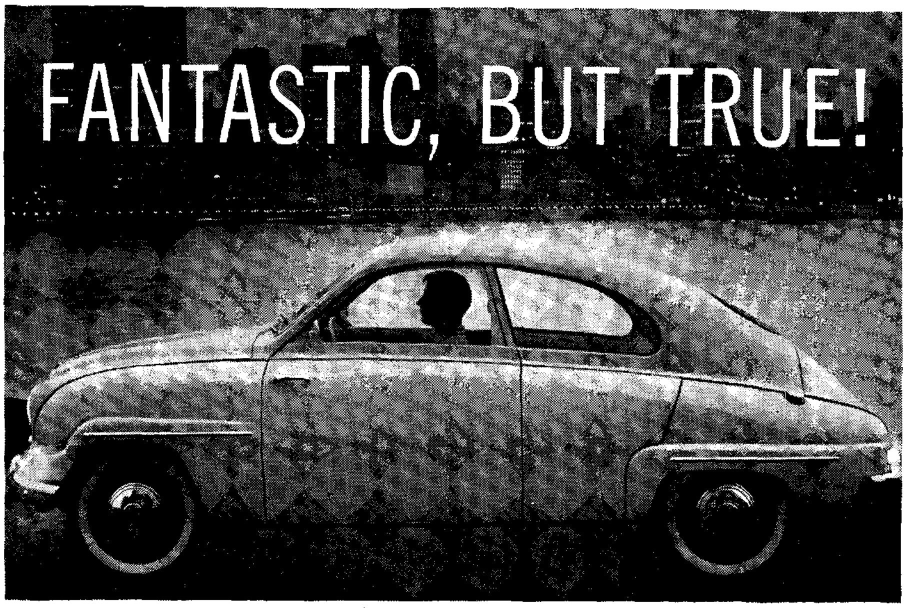

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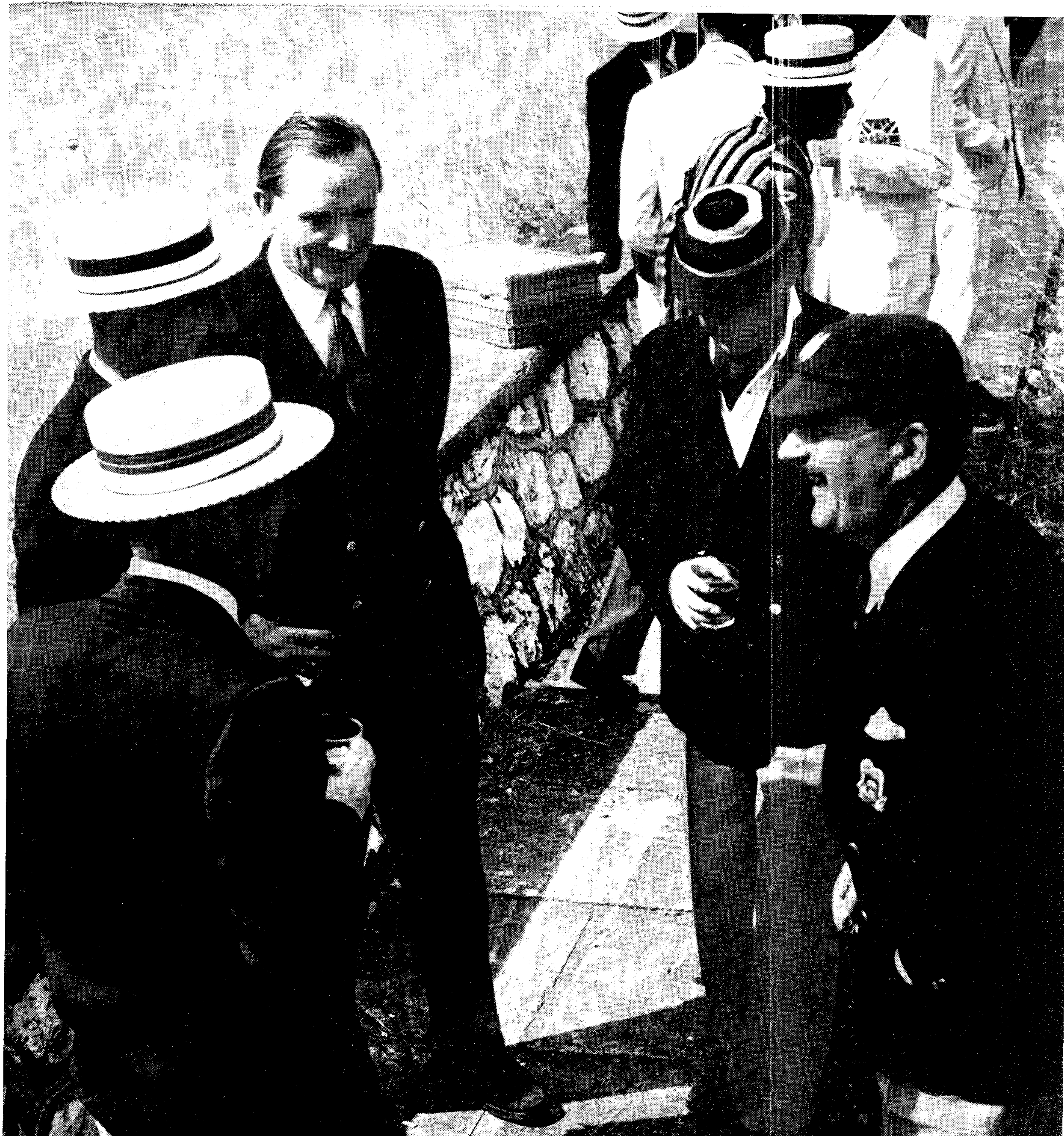
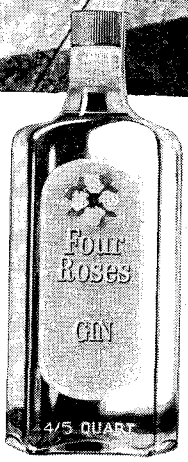
of floor lamps, a mattress or two, some cocktail glasses, a child's high chair, an assortment of blankets, and a case of gin. Refusing to believe that a problem of this sort could offer any real trouble, I have done some lively research in the car-rental field lately, and, sure enough, I find that my friends haven't exaggerated the difficulty of hiring an automobile that combines the best features of a comfortable touring car with those of a cozy moving van and that, at the same time, comes equipped with a helpful and resourceful chauffeur. After sifting through a long list of rental services, I have come up with the names of not more than two or three companies that rent station wagons large enough to accommodate a considerable number of household odds and ends, driven by chauffeurs ready to lend a hand with the packing and unpacking. Town & Country Limousines, 240 East 54th Street (Plaza 3-5525), not only furnishes conventional cars for conventional purposes but will do a bit of informal transportation of assorted possessions. For this purpose, it offers 1957 Ford station wagons in good condition, driven by uniformed chauffeurs, at the rate of thirty cents a mile, there and back, or $6 an hour, whichever is greater. Although the company is not prepared to do any really major packing and is not equipped with the padded cloths of professional movers or with hand trucks for lifting really heavy pieces, the chauffeurs are, I am told, obliging fellows who do a good job of stowing away household goods at this end and unloading and getting them into the house of destination.

What sounds like a rather more rough-and-ready outfit is the A. & L. Auto Rental Service, at 145 West 14th Street and at 161 East 86th Street (Chelsea 2-0044 and Atwater 9-9508). At the time I interviewed the management of this concern, its station wagons were all on the road, so I had no opportunity to see what appearance either they or their drivers present. I was assured, though, that the chauffeurs are prepared to do just about the same job of packing and unpacking as is done by Town & Country Limousines, and that, in addition, the company can furnish a small trailer for an extra load. Rates are $6 an hour, to and from destination, and the rental of the trailer is a flat $6 per trip.

SEVERAL months ago, I reported on some appealing summer rugs, made of natural-colored straw, that have been imported from Andalusia by Lord & Taylor. Now the store has





Londoners now import Four Roses Gin

At outings, you'll find that Londoners prefer the very driest of gins. These gentlemen now privately import their favorite, Four Roses Gin. It's drier than the driest London-dry, that's why!

GINDORSED BY THE DRY MARTINI CHAPTER OF THE FOUR ROSES SOCIETY. FOUR ROSES DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN—90.5 PROOF

VE
SHE
SWA
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VICHYSSOISE
(vee-she-swazz)

However you pronounce it . . . the flavor is superb. Served either hot or cold, Crosse & Blackwell Vichyssoise is a pleasing, pleasant answer to summer meals. It's quick, easy to serve. But be sure you get the genuine Vichyssoise in a can. Another fine product by CROSSE & BLACKWELL.

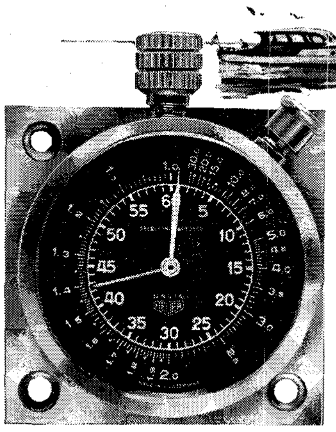
CROSSE & BLACKWELL
Cream
Vichyssoise
Soup

brought over—also from southern Spain—lovely, cool-looking rugs of the same material (it's called esparto) in enchanting colors that put the earlier imports, pretty as they are, very much in the shade. I can't imagine any sort of modern summer home—elegant or informally countrified—that wouldn't be done a world of good by the addition of one or more of these dazzling floor coverings. They come in all sizes and shapes, and in the most varied and fanciful designs—some in combinations of soft shades, others in flamboyant colors that have great style and are, at the same time, wonderfully decorative. To give you an idea of prices, a round black rug (eight feet in diameter) that looks like beautiful black Spanish lace costs $128; other exquisite round models (five feet in diameter), with the form and fresh coloring of a gigantic yellow-and-white daisy, are $50; and handsome rectangular designs, in intricate patterns and striking color combinations, range from $48, for a four-by-six-foot specimen, to $288, for a perfect beauty that measures twelve by fifteen feet. For once, the adjective "amusing," which the decorators have such a tiresome affection for, might be properly applied here to describe some rugs woven in either black and natural stripes, to look very much like zebra skins (same size, same shape as the beast's skin), or in yellow and black stripes, to reproduce a tiger skin. These designs, done in the same versatile straw as the other rugs I have spoken of, cost $39.95 apiece.

WHILE I am on the subject of floors—but very different floors, to be walked on by much more workaday and practical householders—I should mention that the Armstrong company has just brought out a couple of new cork linoleums that have a remarkably lifelike resemblance to nine-inch blocks of inlaid hardwood parquet. One of the new patterns simulates a blond wood and the other a light mahogany. They both, of course, take waxing beautifully. The linoleum (it's difficult to remember that it really *is* linoleum and not hardwood) comes in rolls six feet wide and costs about fifty cents a square foot, installed. It is sold at, among other places, Bloomingdale and the Anchor Carpet and Linoleum Company, 149 East 34th Street.

THE fact that I am greatly impressed by some safety locks recently brought out by Yale & Towne means nothing at all, since my opinion on locks—for or against—isn't worth

A&F



Navia Timer

This new powerboat timer from A&F gives the yachtsman a quick method of determining speed over a known distance. Useful to check on tides, also a ⅕-second, 1-hour recorder stop watch. . . **$45.00**

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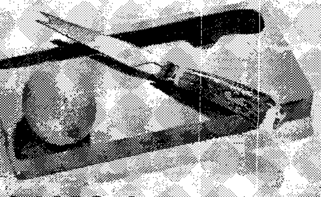

BAR BOARD & SHEFFIELD KNIFE SET, 7.50

Board, 7" x 4½", grooved for lemon. Stainless steel knife with serrated cap-lifter blade, stag handle. Beyond delivery area, add 50¢.

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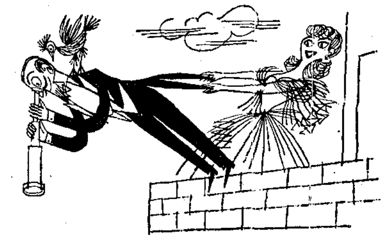

SEE WHAT WE MEAN? . . . a room with a view that's unsurpassed in all New York . . . in the smartest part of town—exclusive Beekman Hill . . . a room with intangible little extras in service that will bring you back to us every time you're in town. *Special summer family rates.*

WRITE FOR BOOKLET N.

TOP O' THE TOWER COCKTAIL LOUNGE

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the paper it is written on. In this case, however, my approval is backed up by that of a knowledgeable citizen who has examined the hardware with an almost professional eye, so I have no hesitation in speaking up about the new devices. The most important of them is a door latch that appears to be everything nervous householders demand of such equipment. It seems that there are a lot of people who can't rest easy in their beds without knowing that there's a chain on the front door, but this safeguard, as all the chain people must regretfully realize, means that somebody has to get up at all hours to let late-returning members of the family in. With the new Yale latch, it is possible for the last one home to disengage the chain with a key (the same one that unlocks the door) and then, by merely reversing the pin that secures the chain, reattach it for the rest of the night so that it can be taken off only from the inside. Next, recognizing that burglars can't always be counted on to enter by the front door, Yale & Towne has perfected a window lock that can be installed on any type of double-hung window sash and has the unusual advantage of allowing the window to be locked when it is partly open, as well as when it is shut. Another Yale & Towne contrivance that seems to me to make particularly good sense prevents young children from being able to turn on such deadly household furnishings as electric fans, hot plates, and so on. This is an electric plug that replaces the one on the fixture; it looks like any other electric plug, but when a key is turned in its side, a bar projects from the business end, making it impossible to fit the plug into an outlet. These locks are all to be had at most hardware stores, priced at from $1.75, for the plug lock, to $4.50, for the door latch. —S. H.

•

. . . men close to him recently believed that he was trying to do too much. Close observers detected tenseness of temper and signs of strain. Happily that phase has passed.

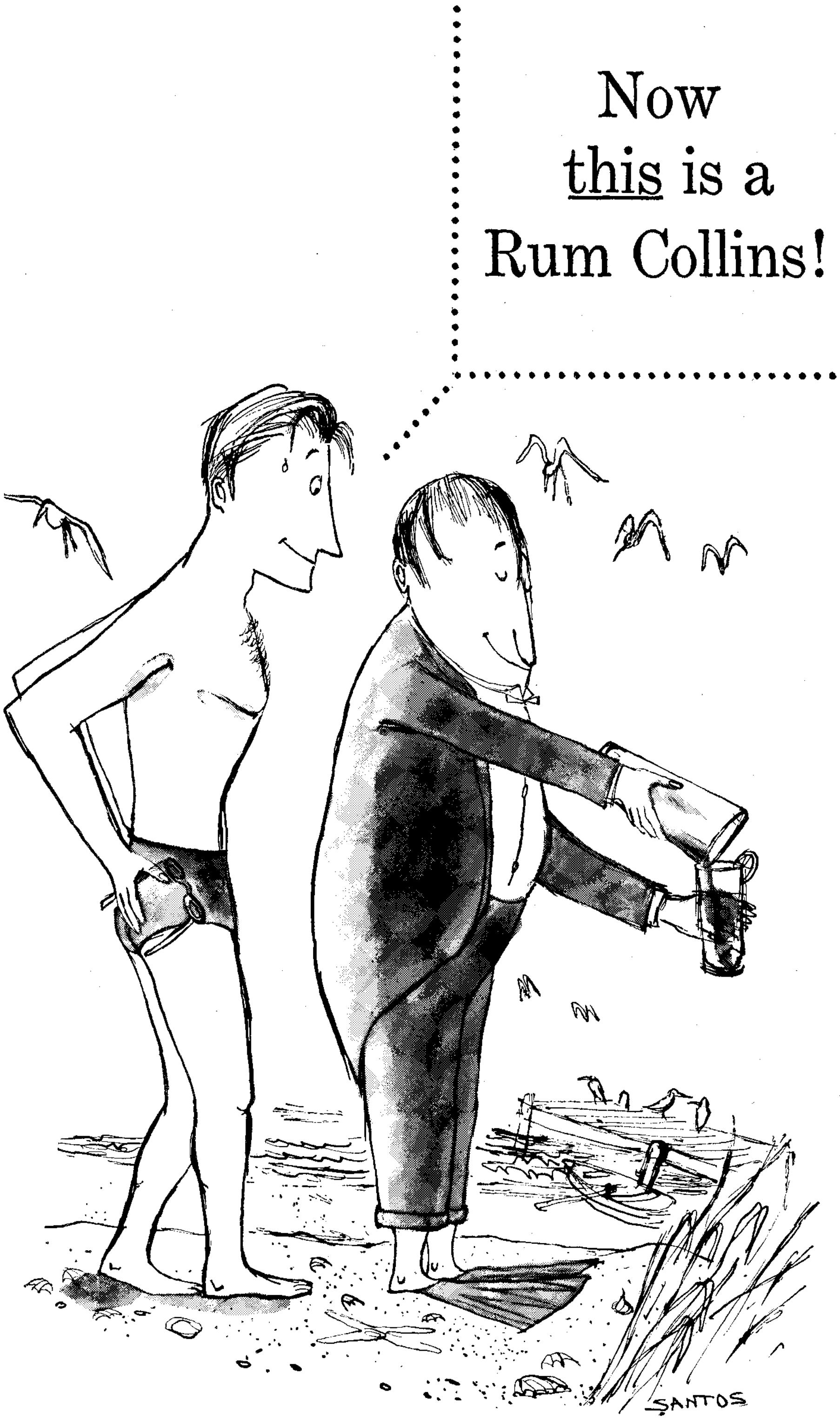
It is typical that when on holiday at Sandringham earlier this year he shot so many peasants that the market experienced a glut.—*Article on the Duke of Edinburgh in the New Idea, an Australian weekly.*

Just another passing phase.

•

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) "And God Created Woman" (in French)—*The New Yorker.*

Don't be silly; it was a worldwide thing.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SANTOS

Rare treat, with built-in air-conditioning, a Collins made with **myers rum** The color is bright—rich, burnished amber. The *flavor* is right—a ripe, golden touch of pleasing perfection. For a satisfying round of enjoyment serve delightfully *flavorful* **myers jamaica rum.**

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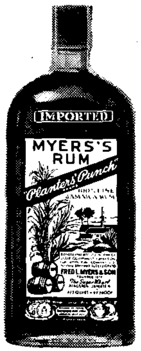


SAWBWA FANG'S MODERNIZATION PROGRAM

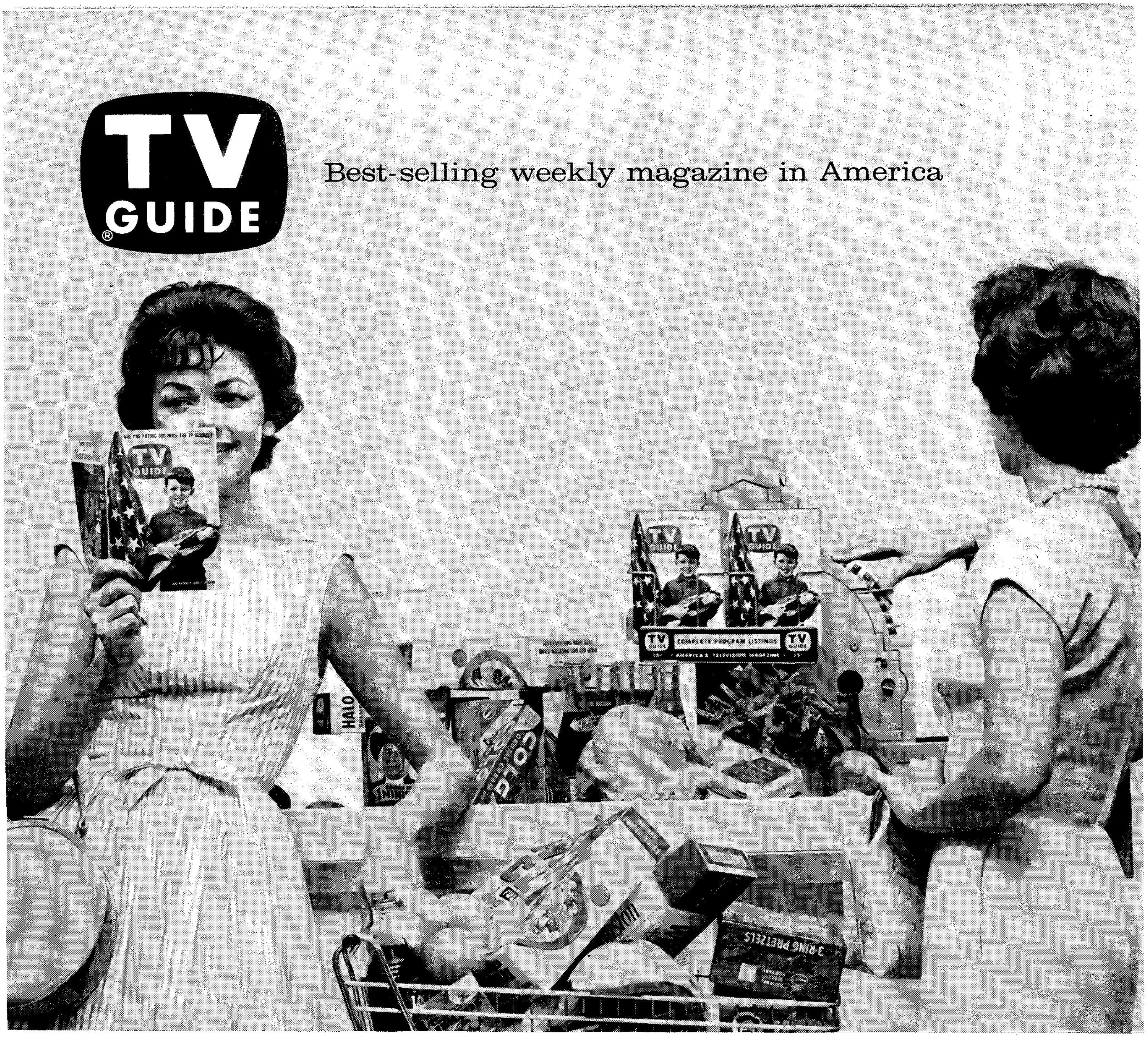
A FEW weeks after my graduation from the South-West Associated University, in Kunming, in 1942, I landed a job as the modern, English-speaking secretary to Fang Yu-chi, the Sawbwa of Mangshih. Mangshih is about the size of Rhode Island, and is the largest and richest of the Chinese Shan States, which lie along the border of Burma. Actually, it is not a state at all, but a county in Yunnan Province; the county seat, also called Mangshih, is the only sizable town in the area. It is inhabited by the simple, fun-loving Shans, the wild Kachins, and a few other, smaller tribes, all of which are Mongoloid but not actually Chinese, although their ruler, Sawbwa Fang, was a Chinese who had inherited his title and prerogatives, much like a maharajah. I liked Mangshih at once. I found the Shans to be sturdy and good-looking—especially the women, who wear white blouses and tight black skirts, and like to sport a wild flower or two in their queues, which they wind around their pretty heads. (The first modern item I saw during my stay there was an old upper plate, which hung as an ornament from a woman's neck.) The scenery in Mangshih is an art gallery filled with Oriental water colors—vast rice fields, distant mountains half hidden behind a thin layer of fog, red Buddhist temples peeking around clusters of bamboo, and long, carpetlike valleys decorated with sacred banyans, which look, from a distance, like beach umbrellas.

The Sawbwa, a cheerful ruler much beloved by his people, had recently undertaken a vast modernization program, and I was one of a handful of outsiders who had been imported to help him realize it. No one knew with any certainty why Sawbwa Fang, at the age of forty-one, had suddenly decided to modernize his kingdom; he was an amiable and honest man but had the reputation of being extremely lazy. I had been told that his decision was the direct result of his having been cured of the opium habit, but I rather suspected there were other and better reasons. For one thing, the newly completed Burma Road came right through the town of Mangshih, and the Sawbwa must have realized that his state was in danger of being regarded as backward by the outsiders who were seeing it for the first time. For another, two weeks after his cure the Sawbwa had gone to Rangoon and taken a second wife—a nineteen-year-old Eurasian girl named Ida, who loved dancing, badminton, and bridge.

The marriage, which had been arranged through a Chinese merchant, did not at first reflect much glory on the royal house of Mangshih. The Sawbwa's first wife was still living and still married to him. Furthermore, Ida herself readily admitted that her father was an Irish seaman and her mother a Chinese dance-hall hostess. In order not to lose face, the Sawbwa revised her pedigree to some extent; her father was metamorphosed into a British colonel, and her mother became a Mongolian princess who had moved to Burma. Thus, Ida could claim to be Anglo-Burmese—an ethnic label that sounded both modern and rather elegant. Ida was small but extremely well proportioned, with dark eyes and long, wavy hair. She liked to wear khaki shorts with high-heeled sandals that showed off her delicate, lacquered toenails. Her English was heavily accented, but she spoke flawless Chinese and Burmese, and also a smattering of French—picked up, she once told me, from a Hindu professional strong man, who had succeeded the Irishman in the role of her father. Sawbwa Fang was delighted with her and called her "Ida darling," the only English he had so far managed to learn in his great effort to modernize himself.

It was no secret in Mangshih that Old Lady Fang, the Sawbwa's first wife, liked Ida very much. (Though the first Mrs. Fang was only a few years older than the Sawbwa, everyone addressed her as Old Lady—an honor to which only a Sawbwa's first wife was entitled.) I learned from the Sawbwa's chauffeur that shortly after Ida's arrival she had paid the older woman a visit, during which the Sawbwa was left waiting outside in his new Buick sedan. Old Lady Fang had become something of a recluse. She very rarely saw her husband, and lived in an old-fashioned Chinese house with her only son, her daughter-in-law, and two grandchildren. There she led a quiet life, playing mah-jongg and worshipping Buddha. According to the chauffeur, who had handled the formal introduc-

"But, Lester, is it enough just being against everything that 'Time' magazine is for?"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She shops at a supermarket. She reads TV Guide magazine.

This moment at the checkout counter brings the two habits together.

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This is why TV Guide is now the nation's largest-selling weekly magazine and still growing apace . . . a best-seller in more than 26,000 supermarkets and food stores coast to coast . . . and a primary advertising medium for every mass-market product and service.

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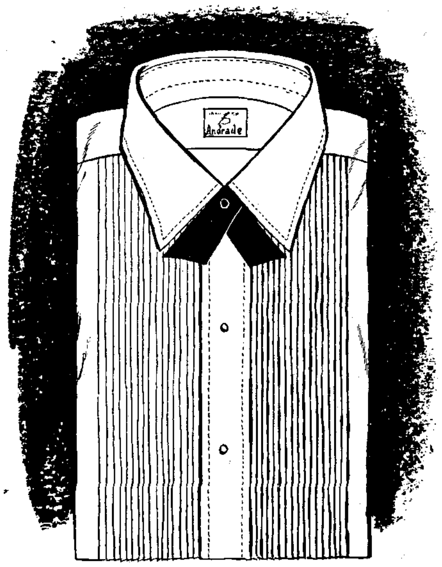
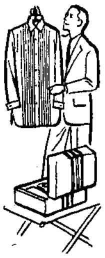
A&P sells TV Guide magazine each week in 3158 stores nationwide. It is displayed and sold at the checkout counters of 1325 Safeway stores, 1139 Kroger stores, 849 Acme stores, 747 National Tea stores, 370 Grand Union stores, 365 First National stores, 360 Colonial stores. Also sold through Winn-Dixie, Food Fair, Jewel Tea, Bohack, Loblaw, A.C.F. Wrigley and other chains.

TOTAL CIRCULATION: 6,428,276 (A.B.C. Publisher's Interim Statement, first quarter 1958). 6,500,000 base as of October 4.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE . . . A DAILY HABIT





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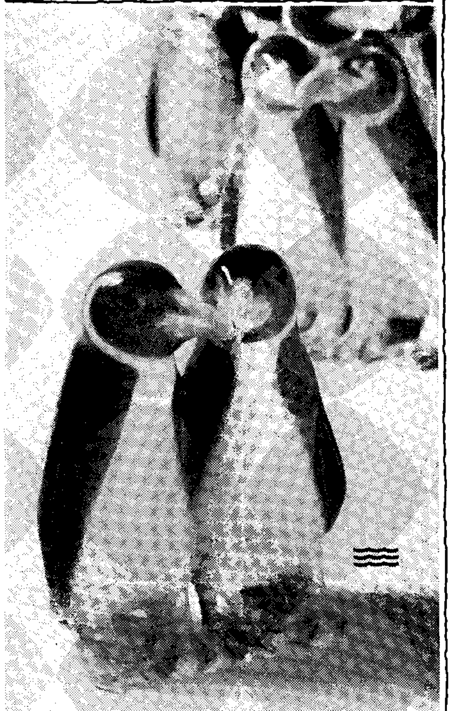

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Royal Copenhagen
Porcelain. Whimsical
figurine of twin penguins.
Blue-gray and white.
4" high, $17.
Add 50¢ for postage.

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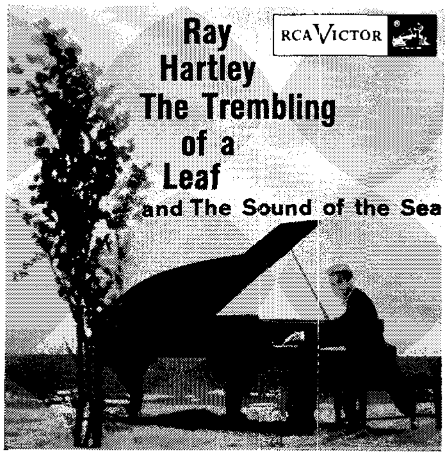
tions, Ida had at once endeared herself to Mrs. Fang by affectionately addressing her as Mama, and both women had enjoyed the visit so much that the Sawbwa was kept waiting in his car for more than an hour.

The start of the modernization program coincided almost exactly with the arrival of Ida in Mangshih. A certain Mr. Yin, an engineer imported from Shanghai, drew up most of the modernization plans, and his prodigious efforts soon transformed the town of Mangshih into a comfortable stopover on the Burma Road, which was constantly jammed with American lend-lease trucks travelling between Rangoon and Kunming, bringing American strategic material to the battlefronts in interior China. Under his guidance, the Shans began building roads and bridges and installing electric lights and telephones. Beggars were cleared out of the town, and the entire Mangshih police force of six men, who had always worn everyday blue cotton blouses and trousers while on duty, suddenly appeared resplendent in high-collared khaki uniforms and heavy, squeaking leather boots, which they spent most of their working hours polishing. Even the curriculum of the elementary school, the only educational institution in Mangshih, was modernized to include such up-to-date courses as English, arithmetic, and rubber-ball kicking. Some enterprising Shanghai merchants must have heard of all this progressive stirring-about, for they built a café and a public bathhouse in Mangshih, both of which quickly became popular.

Perhaps Mr. Yin's most striking achievement was the construction of two buildings—the first Western house in Mangshih and the New Light Hotel. The house was a two-story brick affair with a swimming pool in back and a badminton court in front. The Sawbwa immediately proclaimed it his official residence, named it Ida House, and moved in with his modern bride. The hotel, a four-story structure that fronted on the dusty market place, was even more awe-inspiring. When it was completed, the grateful Sawbwa bestowed the title of Minister of Construction for Mangshih on Mr. Yin, who then moved into the hotel as its manager. Under Mr. Yin's personal direction, it was soon doing a booming business accommodating travellers from the Burma Road.

DESPITE all this constructive, modern bustle, Sawbwa Fang was not satisfied; he ordered every member



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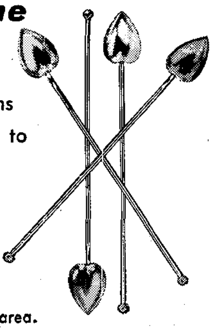

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8 at $16; 4 at $8.

Federal tax included.
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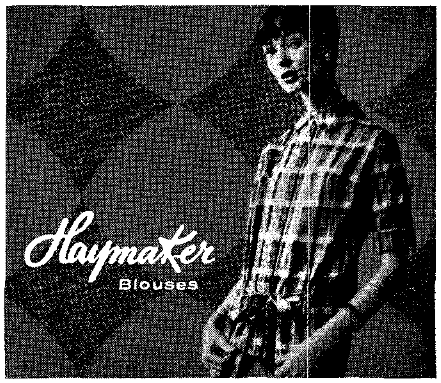


REEVES *fabrics*

they all got vaccine except dad...

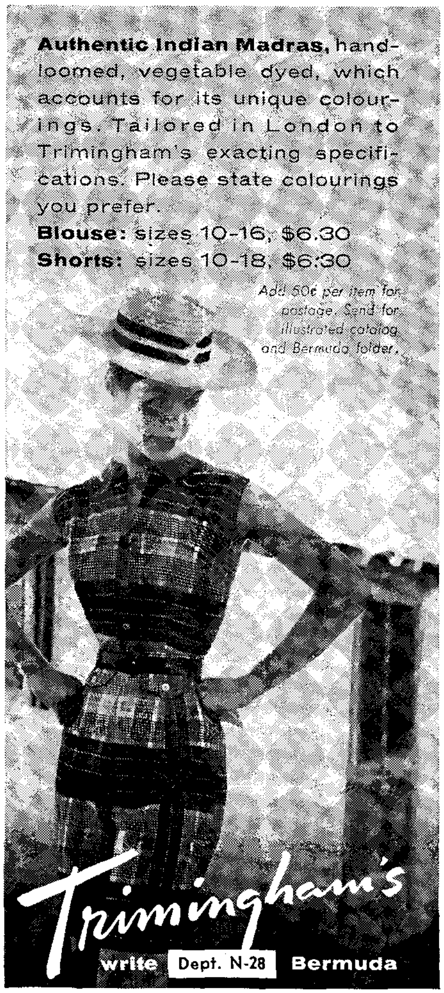
This actually happened to the man in the iron lung...James Wood, 36, of Charlotte, Mich. He was the only member of his family not vaccinated against polio and the only one to come down with the disease. Wood and his wife both planned to be vaccinated. One night last April they were about to go out for their Salk shots when friends dropped in and the trip was postponed. Later, an extra-money night job kept Wood from going to a vaccine clinic with his wife.

The children, of course, had been vaccinated. Robert, 13, Norman, 11, Nancy, 10, James, 6, and Sarah Jane, 3, had all three shots; Edgar, 2, had two. Baby John was born after dad was stricken. "Jim just didn't get to it," Mrs. Wood says of the ill fortune that befell her husband.

"Now, the only good will be if what happened to us helps somebody else."

don't take a chance...take your polio shots!

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS 301 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.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Blouse: sizes 10-16, $6.30
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Add 50¢ per item for postage. Send for illustrated catalog and Bermuda folder.

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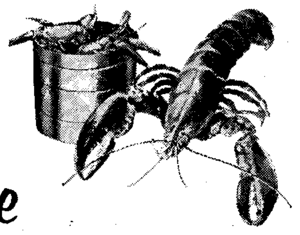
8 Live LOBSTERS

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An authentic clambake direct from Maine all set to cook on arrival. Maine Lobsters—1⅛ lbs., meaty best eating size—and steamer clams cushioned in sea-chill rockweed for real steamed flavor. Iced all the way, live delivery guaranteed within 1800 rail miles. Easy to cook, just punch hole in steamer lid, add water and steam—it's all ready to serve. **Extra** Bonus: Two 1-lb. tins Indian Pudding, traditional clambake dessert, included at no extra charge until September 20.

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☐ *I'd like the $15.95 Maine Clambake of 8 Lobsters, ½ pk. clams (approx. 85), Indian Pudding Dessert.*
☐ *Double quantity in large steamer, $28.75 (All shipments express collect)*
☐ *Send me your catalogue of seafoods and gifts.*

Name..........
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Town..........*Zone*.....*State*..........

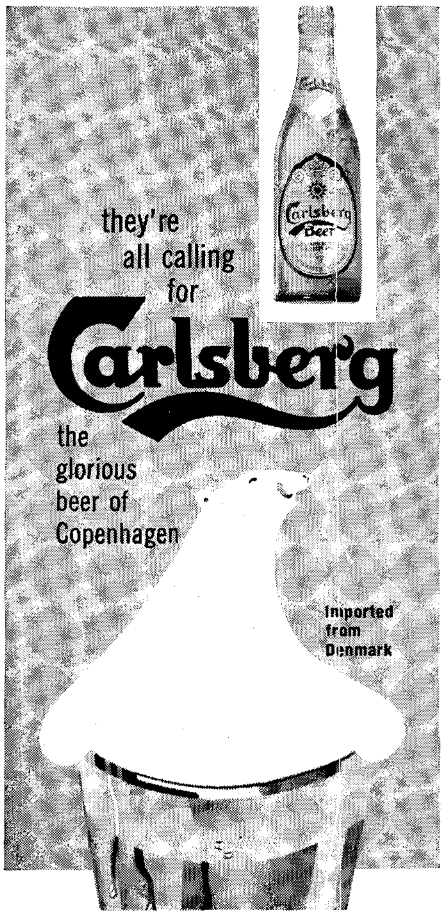
WANTED
Month..........Day..........Time..........

of his staff to supply him with other new ideas. As his modern secretary—he also had an "old-fashioned" secretary, who was in his eighties—I, too, was expected to think up projects, but all my ideas turned out to be prohibitively expensive. Finally, I suggested that the state should plant tung trees on the Mangshih hillsides. I had read somewhere that tung oil was an important ingredient of paint and lacquer, and I figured that it would therefore be in great demand in America. The Sawbwa took my advice this time, and ordered, at tremendous cost, half a million tung sprouts from Kunming. He then recruited hundreds of planters from among the savage Kachins, who lived apart, on their own mountain, and practiced a haphazard, wandering sort of cultivation. They were a proud, tough-minded people, and the Sawbwa was able to secure their coöperation only by promising to pay them liberally in rice and hogs.

Once this program got under way, the Sawbwa fell into the habit of touring Mangshih in his Buick, making constant stops to comment on planting or construction and to ask bystanders for advice. This also gave him an opportunity to show off his modern wife. With her, he would drive out to the surrounding hills to supervise the work of the Kachins, or would stop in at the New Light Hotel to visit a dignitary who was passing through or to inquire after some important foreign tourist. He especially enjoyed taking her to lunch at his yamen—a kind of combination palace and official headquarters, about a mile from Ida House, where the business of all his various public departments was carried out. Ida loved these duties, and seized every occasion to display her new clothes. One of her favorite outfits featured riding breeches and a whip, though the Sawbwa had not yet acquired a stable.

Everything went smoothly until, about halfway through the planting of the tung sprouts, the Kachins suddenly adopted a modern program of their own and went on strike. The dispute arose not over unfair working conditions but over an act of sacrilege that had allegedly been committed against their mountain god. It was reported that some Chinese shepherds had visited the god's shrine on Kachin Mountain, a rugged peak only fifteen miles from the town of Mangshih, and had insulted him by drawing obscene pictures on the altar. The furious Kachins revenged themselves by going on strike against the Sawbwa, who was a Chinese.

The strike was tragically effective.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Hundreds of thousands of tung sprouts, left unplanted, would soon die, but the other Mangshih tribes, including the Shans, were too much afraid of the Kachins to help. As the strike entered its third week, the Sawbwa's eyes were shadowed with grief and he would sit in his office for hours, rubbing his forehead between thumb and forefinger.

In an effort to find some solution, the Sawbwa began arriving at his office at about eleven o'clock in the morning, a full hour earlier than was his custom, and he initiated daily conferences with his staff, some of whom lived in the yamen. The Sawbwa's office was in the rear of the old building, which included four courtyards and fifty-odd dark, spacious, high-ceilinged rooms scantily furnished with heavy black ancestral chairs and tables. The entire yamen was in the charge of Mr. Yang, the Sawbwa's old-fashioned secretary, who had lived in it for more than fifty years. Mr. Yang had been in the habit of remaining in bed until late afternoon, but since the start of the modernization program he had been obliged to rise before midday. He did so reluctantly, grumbling that the program was sure to kill him, for, as everyone knew, the morning fog was a poisonous gas that caused malaria, and the only way to avoid it was to remain in bed. Actually, there was no need for him to get up at all, since the Sawbwa seldom consulted him any more.

ONE morning, the Sawbwa summoned us to a conference in one of the large central rooms of the yamen. We all sat down around a long table, which I had had covered with a white tablecloth in order to lighten the gloom, and the Sawbwa took his seat at the head, like a business executive presiding over a board meeting. He looked as though he hadn't slept well; his eyes were bloodshot, and his thinning hair was not as meticulously combed as usual. I felt sorry for him, and also a little guilty, since the crisis had come about as a result of my suggestion.

The conference, which was carefully conducted according to a procedure laid down in a handbook the Sawbwa had bought entitled "Modern Government," began with a report on the strike from Mr. Wu, who was the Minister of Labor Relations and the only staff member who could speak the Kachin dialect. He was a middle-aged man who wore a Western coat over his Chinese blouse and trousers. He reported only that the Kachins still rejected

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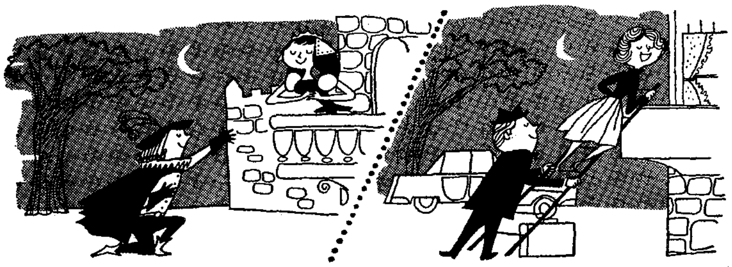

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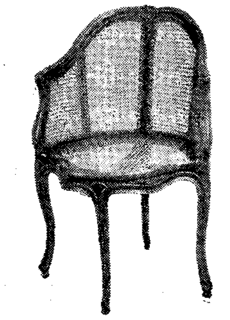

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all his attempts to pacify them, at which the Sawbwa scowled slightly, as if suffering from heartburn. "But," Mr. Wu added significantly, "they have agreed to send down a special delegation of their chiefs to negotiate with us. They will come to the yamen tomorrow afternoon and listen to our proposals."

The chief of police, a large man with a rugged face, who was also dressed in a Western coat, which was four or five inches too short, then interrupted to urge the Sawbwa to appeal to higher authority. The police chief felt sure that Governor Lung, of Yunnan Province, would be only too glad to send down troops to force the Kachins back to work, even if it meant decapitating a few of them as a warning against any further trouble. We all thought this was a little drastic, and Mr. Wu made a counterproposal. "If the First Lady of Mangshih," he said, "or, rather, the *second* First Lady of Mangshih, will go to Kachin Mountain with two oxen and offer them as a sacrifice to the mountain god, and perhaps bring herself to give the god three kowtows on behalf of the state, it might mend the insult committed by the ignorant shepherds."

The Sawbwa's face lit up briefly, but then he scowled again and asked for other opinions.

All the department heads made suggestions, but none of them seemed any better. The Minister of Trade, who was a cousin of Sawbwa Fang's and an opium addict, recommended, for instance, that the Sawbwa offer the Kachin chiefs half a dozen slave girls. When it was my turn, I suggested a completely modern solution—an increase in wages, a five-day work week, and a promise of neutral arbitration of future misunderstandings. I drew a blank from my colleagues, and I wasn't sure that the Sawbwa himself understood what I was talking about. So the conference ended inconclusively, as most of our conferences did, and the Sawbwa retired to his private office to rub his forehead. I returned to mine, feeling unhappy and wondering whether my suggestion, even if it had been accepted, would have worked at all. It certainly would have cost the state a lot of rice and hogs.

About half an hour later, a Shan servant announced that the Sawbwa wanted to see me in private. I hurried to his office. The Sawbwa asked me to sit down in one of the ancestral chairs and offered me a cigarette, but before he could tell me what was on his mind, Mr. Yang shuffled in to seek his official seal on some documents. The Sawbwa

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looked slightly annoyed, but politely asked him to sit down with us. The old man, who was wearing a blue satin gown and puffing on a four-foot-long bamboo pipe, blew the dust off an antique chair and seated himself stiffly and formally, with his feet slightly apart and one hand resting on his knee, as in a typical ancestor portrait.

The Sawbwa asked Mr. Yang what he thought of the strike, adding hastily that he wanted to hear Mr. Yang's opinion, not Confucius's. The old man cleared his throat and said that the State of Mangshih resembled the body of a sleeping dragon, with its head stretching toward Burma, in the south, and its tail coiling peacefully toward the north. Because the Kachins had been digging in the dragon's back to plant the tung trees, the dragon had been disturbed. Fortunately, however, the Sawbwa's family ancestors had made the Kachins stop digging, thus doubtless preventing a great catastrophe to the state. So the strike was, in fact, willed by the dead ancestors, a blessing rather than a—

But here the Sawbwa interrupted with a loud cough and changed the subject. "Secretary Yang," he said, "what do you think of women? What is a man's best attitude toward them?"

The question seemed very odd to me, though I was sure the Sawbwa must have had a reason for asking it. Before answering, the old man knocked out the ashes of his pipe against the leg of his chair, and then smoothed his white whiskers. "Women are like water," he observed, finally. "They are difficult to manage. Confucius has truly said, 'Keep them at a distance, they resent it; treat them familiarly, they do not respect you.' "

"That will be all, Secretary Yang," the Sawbwa said, rising. "Thank you."

The old man stood up, gathered his documents, bowed, and left. Sawbwa Fang sat down and shook his head despairingly. "It is a pity," he said, "that the old secretary is a part of the yamen that cannot be discarded like a piece of old furniture."

The Sawbwa paused, almost as if he were embarrassed at what he was about to say next. "Secretary Lee," he said at last, "I have asked you here to render me a private service. Can you come to dinner at my house this evening?"

"Yes," I said, wondering what was on his mind.

"Good. We shall leave the office early today. We can walk home and have a breath of fresh air."

At five-thirty, we left the yamen,

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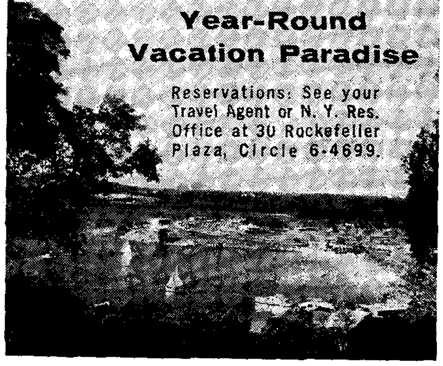

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crossed the dusty Burma Road, and took the little winding trail that led to Ida House. The Sawbwa walked in silence, a step or two ahead of me, his shoulders hunched forward. It was a beautiful afternoon, ideal weather for planting, and it was probably a torture to him to look at the deserted hills around us, where his expensive tung sprouts should have been growing. The sun had begun to dip behind Kachin Mountain, making it look, in silhouette, like a sleeping camel with three humps. Near the path, some local Shan girls were bathing in the clear, shallow water of Mangshih River, laughing and singing as if for our special benefit, but Sawbwa Fang walked past without appearing to notice them.

As we drew near Ida House, the Sawbwa suddenly broke the silence, saying, "Secretary Lee, I've been having a little trouble with Ida lately. For the past two weeks she has been unhappy, and I don't know why."

"Is she well?" I asked.

"Yes, there is nothing wrong with her health. But I haven't invited you here to help me solve my domestic difficulties. I am only concerned with the strike. This morning at the conference, I found one suggestion quite workable—Mr. Wu's plan to have Ida go and make an offering to the Kachin mountain god. But Ida is a modern woman; she might object to such an errand—especially to kowtowing."

"Perhaps we could omit the kowtowing part," I said.

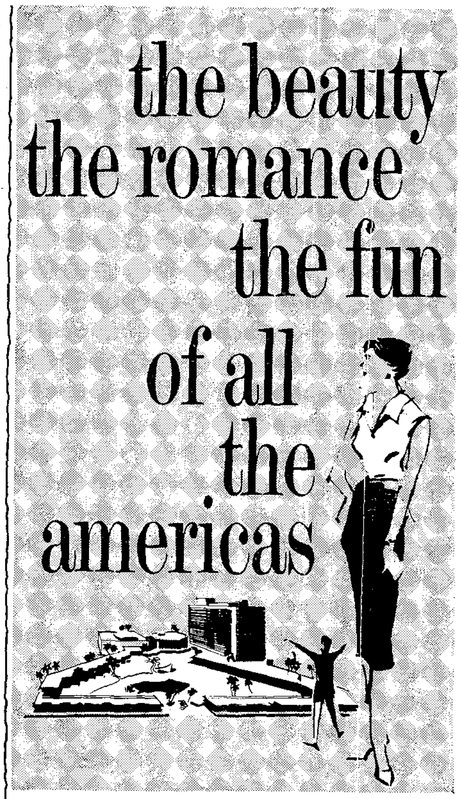
"No, you cannot omit the kowtow when you make an offering to the Kachin god," the Sawbwa said. "That would be like bringing a gift to a friend but, instead of handing it to him, tossing it on the ground and telling him to pick it up. No, that would be impossible."

"What do you want me to do, Sawbwa?" I asked, rather helplessly.

"Since I have been having this little trouble with Ida," he said, "I don't think I am in any position to ask for her help. However, you are on friendly terms with her, and she seems to like you. Perhaps you could suggest it to her—quite casually, of course. You might even present the whole idea as your own, something that popped into your mind over dessert; she will be easier to approach after the main course. But it must sound quite spontaneous."

"I shall try my best, Sawbwa," I said.

WE found Ida in the thickly carpeted living room of Ida House. She was staring out at the garden



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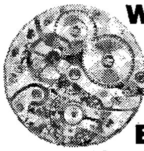

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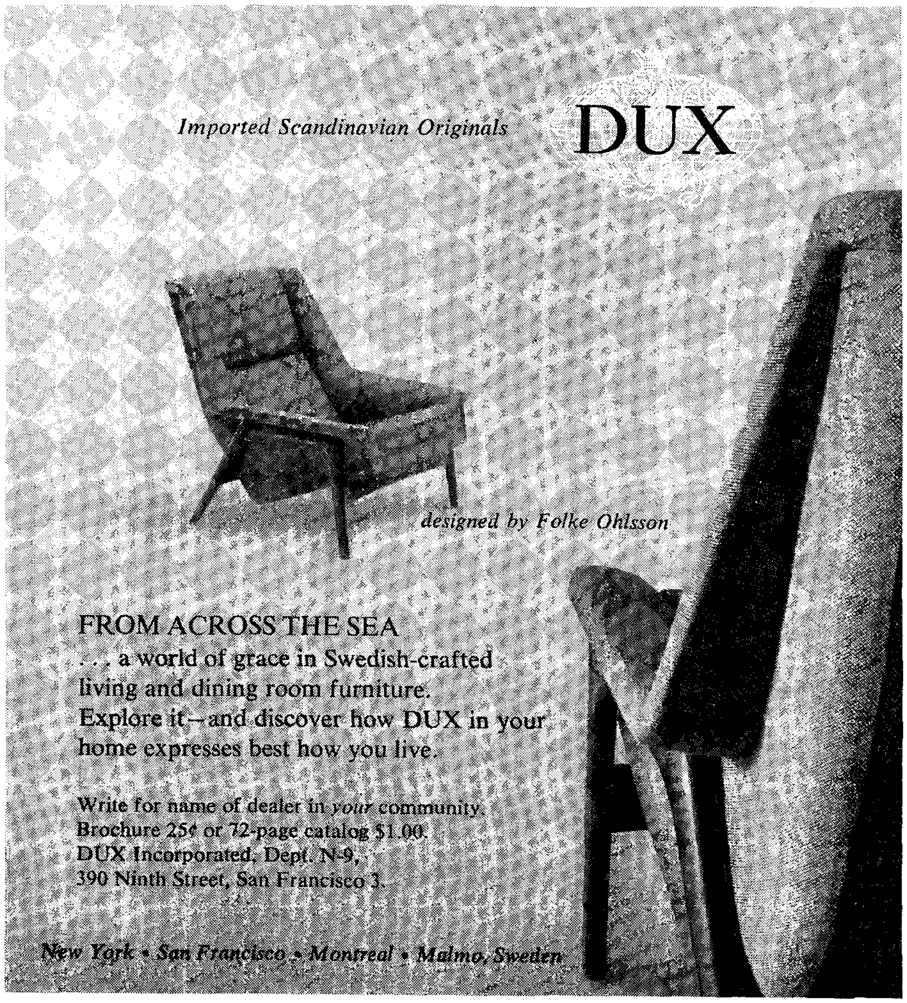
through a picture window. As we entered the room, the Sawbwa coughed to attract her attention, but she ignored him and continued to stand there motionless. With her long, wavy hair hanging down to her shoulders and her modern purple silk Chinese gown clinging to her slim body, she presented a picture of lovely petulance. Sighing deeply, the Sawbwa sank into an armchair, and for several moments nobody spoke. I was somewhat embarrassed, and finally, realizing that she might not have seen me come in, I hesitantly greeted her.

She turned around immediately, and returned my greeting with such exaggerated warmth that I knew she was acting. Then, still ignoring the Sawbwa, she challenged me to a game of badminton. I was in no mood for badminton just before dinner, but the Sawbwa, with a great show of good spirits, urged me to accept. Ida went upstairs to change, reappeared in a disconcertingly attractive costume of shorts and a white blouse, and gaily swept me out onto the court.

She played well and energetically, but I did not really have my mind on the game. I kept worrying over my assignment and wondering how I could bring up the subject of the strike in a properly casual manner. I had also come to the conclusion that the strike was responsible for Ida's coldness toward her husband; the Sawbwa had been giving it all his time and attention, and Ida, who was only a child, had become first bored and then resentful. But I couldn't think of anything I could do about *that.* I was so occupied with these problems that I lost the game, and my appetite as well.

After the badminton, Ida seemed more cheerful. We returned to the living room, and a servant appeared with a basin of water and a towel for me. Before going upstairs to change, Ida came over and dipped her hands in the basin, and then, to my embarrassment, sprinkled water on my face and ran off giggling. The dinner was a very elaborate, very British meal, with one main course of roast beef and another of roast chicken. The Sawbwa chewed slowly, his mouth closed and a slight frown between his thin eyebrows. I always had the impression that he disliked Western dishes and ate them with a feeling of faint nausea. Ida, on the other hand, had a hearty appetite. After the main courses, she picked up two slices of bread, buttered them heavily, and ate them sandwich-fashion. At each bite, she carefully bared her front teeth to



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avoid smearing her lipstick. She spoke only to me—chattering about her good-looking Burmese boy friends, the wonderful times she had had in Rangoon, and how she wished that the Sawbwa would take her to Europe.

When the cream pudding was served, I realized that it was time for me to carry out my assignment, and I began to perspire. I started by talking about what fine weather we had been having. The Sawbwa agreed with me and expanded on the subject. Finally, I mentioned the possibility of a picnic—a topic that immediately set Ida off on a series of reminiscences about picnics on which she had had to fend off various handsome and eager suitors. I waited politely for another opening, and at last blurted out, "Why don't *we* have a picnic on Kachin Mountain?"

The Sawbwa understood me at once. "An excellent idea!" he cried.

Ida's face brightened. For the first time, she turned to the Sawbwa and addressed him directly. "I could wear my new slacks, my straw sandals, and a coolie hat!" she said.

The Sawbwa coughed and looked at me. I knew he wanted her to wear something more dignified, since making an offering to a god was a formal occasion. Blushing at my own acting, I now snapped my fingers and exclaimed that we couldn't possibly have a picnic on Kachin Mountain, because of the strike. "The Kachins might make a picnic out of *us*," I said. The Sawbwa agreed, and expressed his deep regret. This was the point at which I had originally planned to snap my fingers, but, having snapped them once, I could see no advantage in doing it again. So, deprived of my dramatic flourish, I only said weakly, "Mrs. Fang, you could save the situation."

"What do you mean?" Ida asked.

"You could render the state a great service."

"Service? What service?"

"I mean you could stop the Kachin strike," I said, doing my best not to stammer. "You could represent the state and make an offering to the Kachin god."

"What sort of offering?" Ida asked, her face going blank.

"Of two oxen and three kowtows," I said quickly. "I'm sure the Kachins would be very happy and stop the strike. You would—"

"Yes, yes," the Sawbwa interrupted eagerly. "That's why you should wear your best clothes, darling Ida. The blue silk gown would look very nice, and—"

"You mean you want *me* to kowtow

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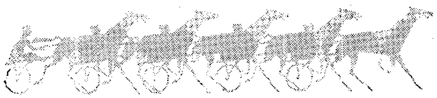

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to the ugly wooden idol of a bunch of savages?" she asked.

"Well, yes," the Sawbwa said, "but only so we can have our picnic."

"Why don't you just *say* you want me to stop the strike?" Ida said heatedly. "You always treat me like a three-year-old! Now I'll *never* go to your old mountain! Oh, I hate you!" She flung her spoon on the table and ran upstairs. The Sawbwa looked at me and shrugged his shoulders sadly.

IN the yamen the next afternoon, I heard voices in the conference hall and looked in to see what was going on. Half a dozen Kachin chiefs, the members of the special delegation, were squatting on the floor, smoking rustic pipes hewn out of sections of full-grown bamboo. They were sun-baked, brawny fellows, stripped to the waist and dressed in blue cotton trousers and turbans. They carried long, sheathed swords on their backs, suspended by colorful red, blue, and white hand-woven cords. Mr. Wu was talking to them in Kachin dialect while Secretary Yang sat stiffly in another chair, listening and smoking.

Presently, Sawbwa Fang arrived, followed by a servant, and the Kachins all rose to greet him. The Sawbwa, who looked businesslike, and even confident, nodded to them and indicated that they could sit down again. Mr. Wu reported that the Kachins were ready to accept his proposal but wanted an offering of four oxen, instead of two.

"Tell them we will offer three oxen," the Sawbwa said. "My wife—my first wife, that is—will bring them to Kachin Mountain at sunrise tomorrow."

Mr. Wu translated, and the chiefs immediately began grumbling and murmuring among themselves. After a brief discussion with the Kachins, Mr. Wu turned to the Sawbwa and said, "They say that if it is to be Old Lady Fang who brings the offering, then it must be *six* oxen."

The Sawbwa coughed angrily behind his handkerchief and then rubbed his forehead for a moment. "My first wife will bring four oxen and make six kowtows to the god," he said.

There was more translation and murmuring, and finally Mr. Wu said, "They will settle for five oxen and three kowtows."

The Sawbwa, looking tired, nodded. "All right, all right," he said impatiently. "Tell them to resume work tomorrow." He turned to his servant. "Tell Old Lady Fang that I want her

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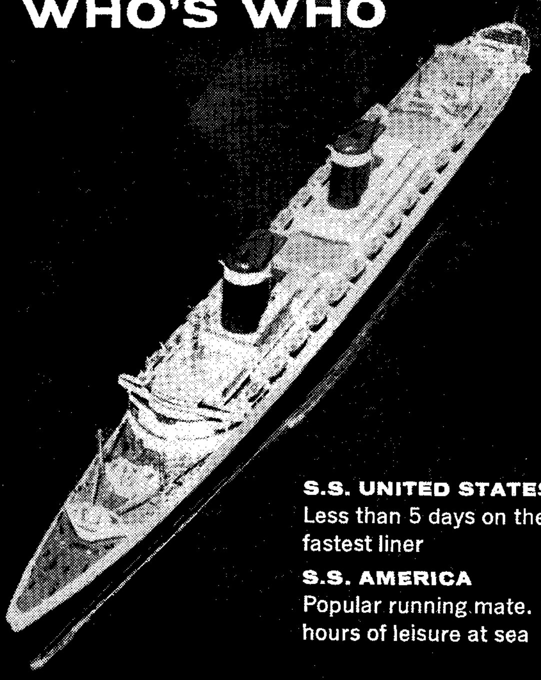

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to make an offering of five oxen at the shrine of the Kachin god at five o'clock tomorrow morning. Minister Wu will tell her what to do. A sedan chair will be dispatched to her to take her to the mountain."

After the servant had bowed and gone out, Sawbwa Fang rose and retired to his private office. The Kachin chiefs smoked one more pipeful of tobacco and left, apparently satisfied.

Back in my office, I wondered what would happen if Old Lady Fang also refused to go, but this fear proved groundless. The oxen were turned over to the chiefs, the Old Lady made three elegant kowtows, and the Kachins went back to planting at once.

All the tung sprouts, including those planted before the strike, withered and died a few days later. After this, Sawbwa Fang showed much less interest in his modernization program, and rarely even took rides in his Buick. He spent a great deal of his time with Ida, and officials in the yamen told me, with evident relief, that life in Mangshih seemed almost as lazy and old-fashioned as it had been before the Sawbwa took a new wife.

—C. Y. Lee

•

THE AMPHITHEATRE — ARLES

My tongue is twisted up from speaking
  French.
Safe in the refuge of a former age,
I sit upon a cracked and moss-grown
  bench,
Watching awhile the cracked and
  grass-grown stage,

And, as I drowse below my dark-
  brimmed hat,
Think without envy of the distant
  day
When here a stolid Roman matron sat
Watching a rather boring Roman
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—R. P. Lister

•

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

UPPER MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY,
JULY 10, 1958

To the Editors of *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

IF the Armed Services Committee of the United States Senate subpoenas St. Clair McKelway to testify on inter-service rivalry as a result of his recent article "That Was a Reporter at Wit's End," I would like to be there as a volunteer witness to vouch for the truth of what he says. After a year in sub-arctic Canada with the Engineers, where the temperature was frequently seventy degrees below zero, I was commissioned and sent to Iwo Jima, by way of Hawaii, on D-plus-10, as Historical Officer of the Twentieth Fighter Command, the outfit whose eventual job was to fly P-51D-20s as escorts for the B-29s of the Twenty-first Bomber Command of the Twentieth Air Force. Colonel McKelway says that it was the assignment of our command to Admiral Nimitz and the Navy that helped precipitate his top-blowing, in the course of which he accused Nimitz of high treason, and I can swear that when the news of this assignment came to our cinder pile, the people of the Twentieth Fighter Command, from Brigadier General Ernest Moore on down, began to burn just as he did, although none of us in the end exploded quite so spectacularly. General Moore had to take orders not only from Admiral Nimitz and from General LeMay but also from United States Army Forces, Central Pacific Area, in Hawaii, and from the Army Air Forces, Pacific Ocean Areas. I doubt whether there was another Air Forces general who occupied a more confusing command position in that war.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM M. GIBSON

To the Editors of *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

YES, there was—for example, General George E. (The Farmer) Stratemeyer, in the China-Burma-India Theatre. He was Commanding General of the United States Army Air Forces out there and, as such, was over the Tenth Air Force, which consisted of a small number of fighters, bombers, and troop-carrier units. But since General Joseph W. (Uncle Joe) Stilwell was the theatre commander, Stratemeyer was under him, both administratively and operationally. Then, too,

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he was administratively, but not operationally, under General H. H. (Hap) Arnold, who was Commanding General of the entire Army Air Forces. Arnold was under Marshall, of course, because the Air Forces were a part of the Army. Stilwell was also under Marshall. Marshall was under, but also on, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and so was Arnold. This was the setup in the India part of that theatre before Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten became Supreme Allied Commander in Southeast Asia, which included India but not China. In China, both before and after the coming of Mountbatten, Stratemeyer's position was muddled. There, Stratemeyer had to get under Chiang Kai-shek, because Chiang Kai-shek was President of the Chinese Republic and Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces of China, and the only way Stratemeyer could get under him was to become Air Adviser to the Chinese part of Stilwell. This was due to the circumstance that Stilwell, although he was called the commander of the China-Burma-India Theatre, could exercise command over Chinese troops and try to train them for combat only if he got under Chiang Kai-shek as his Chief of Staff. Both Chiang Kai-shek and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek were firmly opposed to having the Armed Forces of the Republic of China placed under the command of an American, so Marshall—against his will, according to Stilwell—had no alternative but to order Stilwell to become Chief of Staff under the command of a Chinese. Stratemeyer, however, was over General Claire Chennault—in a way—because Chennault was commander of the newly created Fourteenth Air Force. Before that, Chennault had been commander of the Flying Tigers, under Chiang Kai-shek, and Stratemeyer couldn't get over him until Arnold gave Chennault command of a regular Air Force, with a number of its own, and as soon as it got a number—No. 14—Stratemeyer was able to get over him. However, Chennault was also Chief of Staff of the Chinese Air Force, under Chiang Kai-shek, and Stratemeyer couldn't get in there without getting under him, which would have been militarily unfitting. After Mountbatten came, Stratemeyer's position in China remained the same, but in India, where he was still under Stilwell in the two old positions, he had to get under yet another part of Stilwell, because Stilwell became Mountbatten's Deputy Commander-in-Chief, in addition to his other positions. Stratemeyer

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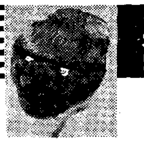
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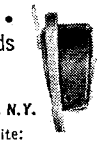
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also had to get under General Albert C. Wedemeyer, because Wedemeyer was Mountbatten's Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations. All this time, of course, and for some time afterward, the situation in the Burma part of that theatre was simpler, because Burma was under the Japs.

St. Clair McKelway

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE LITERARY SCENE

[*Dr. George W. Crane in the Indianapolis Star*]

In my college textbook on Applied Psychology I have thus devoted an entire chapter to the psychology of writing and of art.

Granted that technical matters have some value, an artist must not be so preoccupied with light and shadow effects that he forgets the essential human interest content of his picture.

Even poets need to heed this warning, too, for "An Ode to a Grecian Urn" cannot remotely compare with Edgar Guest's "It Takes a Heap o' Living in a House to Make it Home."

In that connection, I'd like to pay tribute to Edgar Guest. In my estimation he is the greatest poet who ever lived, and I am not exaggerating.

Like William Shakespeare and Charles Dickens, Edgar Guest is a consummate psychologist.

His writings deal with human relations. His genius lies in lifting out the psychological values of our social relations instead of mere light and shadow effects on a pile of stones or a Grecian urn!

Although I minored in English at Northwestern University when I obtained my Ph.D. degree, and thus read all the poets prescribed in the many courses offered by our English Department, I think Edgar Guest far exceeds Keats and Shelley.

•

The odds against a train-riding house guest beating her limousine-propelled hosts from Manhattan to Glen Cove, L. I., should be pretty long, but Mrs. Edward J. Cavanagh sr. won a wager at even money (25 cents) and left the competition farther behind than Silky Sullivan in the Kentucky Derby.

Mrs. Cavanagh made the train trip over the protests of her son and daughter-in-law, Fire Commissioner Edward J. Cavanagh jr. and the former Nancy Miller, who wanted to take her to Glen Cove with them in their town car after a dinner party in Manhattan.

Mrs. Cavanagh's train left Grand Central at 12:21 a.m. and the junior Cavanaghs headed for the island via motor car after putting her aboard. She arrived in Glen Cove at 1:29 and was enjoying breakfast at 8 o'clock after a good night's rest, when Ed and Nancy arrived in their chauffeur-driven car.—*Charles Ventura in the Herald Tribune.*

All in all, a wild night for everybody concerned.

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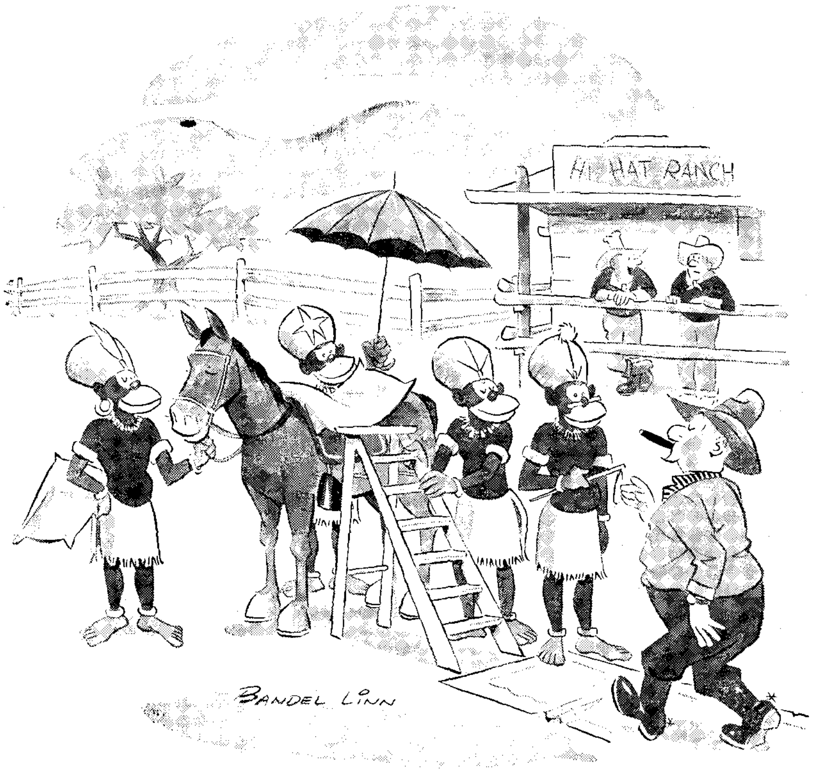

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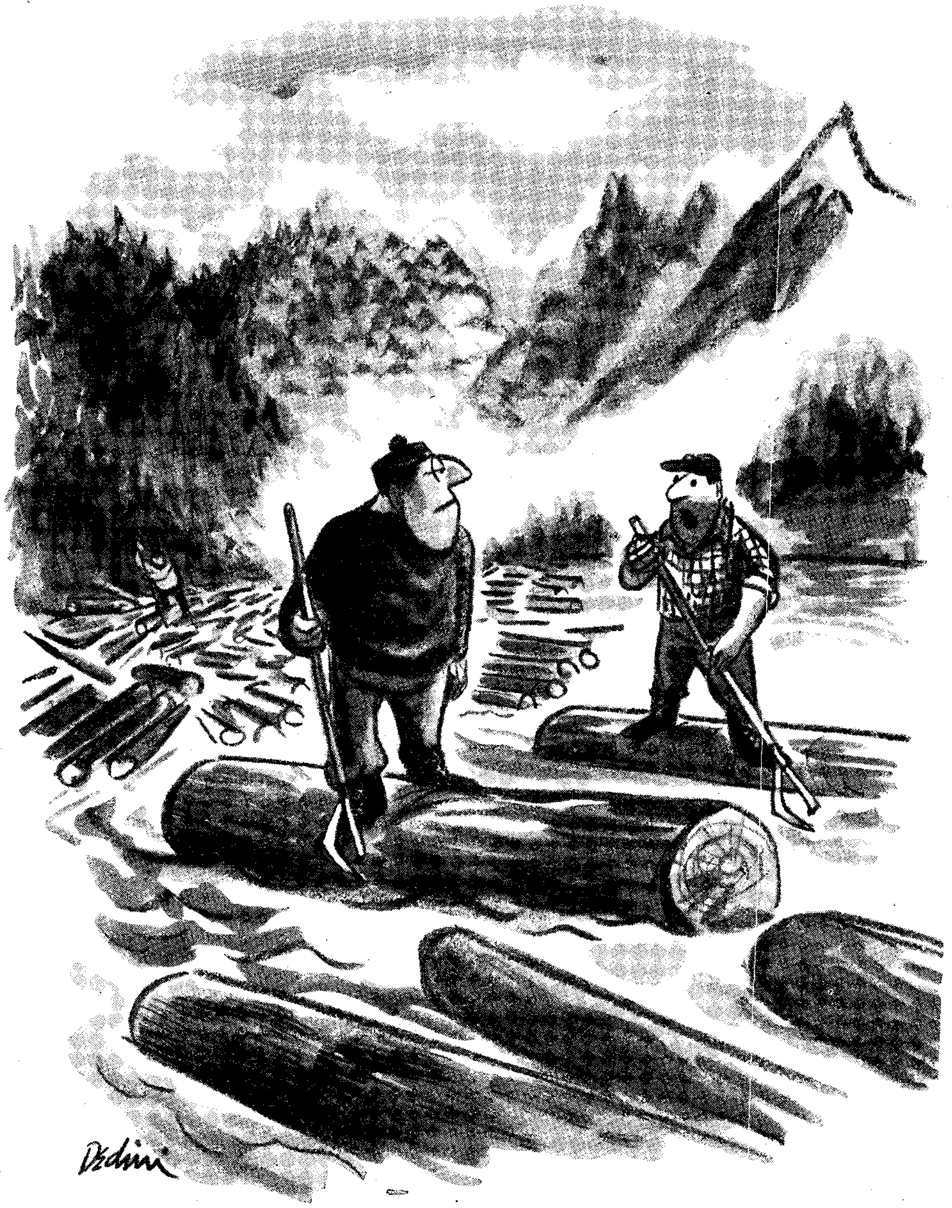
THE UNITED NATIONS

JULY 20

THERE are, as of this afternoon, no official responses to the Soviet proposal for a summit conference, except from the Swiss, who say that Geneva on Tuesday is altogether out of the question. It is being assumed here that the plans agreed upon by the Security Council a couple of nights ago will be carried forward. The Council will meet again tomorrow afternoon, and the first business before it will be a resolution that is now getting its last delicate touches from the clever Japanese, who said last week that they believed they had found a way to save face for themselves, for Dag Hammarskjöld and the Secretariat, for Henry Cabot Lodge and the Marine Corps, for Arkady Sobolev, President Chamoun, and Colonel Nasser, and for the Iraqis, both republican and royalist. This seems a large order, but Ambassador Koto Matsudaira has explained that his plan is exceedingly simple: it is to send to Lebanon a lot more unarmed U.N. observers and to pull out all American troops—or, as someone here has said, "rubbernecks for leathernecks." The language is sure to be artful and soothing and peace-loving. There will be a clarifying debate in the afternoon, and the motion is expected to come to a vote before the day is over.

The passage of such a resolution would no doubt be a defeat of sorts for everyone except the authors and Mr. Hammarskjöld, but it would be a defeat that the Americans, certainly, would welcome at this point. We went into Lebanon not so much to gain any specific ends in that country as to forestall an epidemic of coups d'état, and to show Colonel Nasser that we are a force to be reckoned with east of Suez. There have been no coups d'état since last Tuesday, and we probably made our point with Nasser the first day. Whether we chose the most efficacious of means is another matter, but in view of all that has happened since, we would now be pleased to have our Marines and paratroopers back and be spared any further embarrassment. The Russians may not allow us to get out so easily; indeed, the majority view of the old hands here is that the Russians will veto the Japanese resolution. But there are knowledgeable members of our delegation who are saying that Ambassador Matsudaira's hopes are well founded, and that if the West is able to resist the pressure for an immediate summit conference, the Russians may find it expedient to buy themselves some international good will by going along with the Japanese and the U.N. Secretariat. These people point out that the Russians must surely realize that a strengthened U.N. team in Lebanon could bring no possible harm to any of their interests. The Iraqi regime seems now to be as safe as the Bank of England. If there was any threat to it last week, it came from Jordan, not Lebanon, and the British in Jordan are now pledged to leave Baghdad alone and to restrain Jordan's Arab Legion, which shouldn't be hard to do. United Nations observers might hinder the Lebanese rebellion, but the Communists seem to have regarded that as a rather footling affair from the start. (The Russians did not oppose the original U.N. observer force in Lebanon; on the vote that created it, Mr. Sobolev abstained.) The Russians, as a few hopeful Americans see things today, have had an excellent week and may very well—if their latest maneuver is not immediately successful—decide to bring it to a close with a show of deference to this worthy organization.

If the West agrees to an early summit meeting, that will of course change everything, and there will be nothing much doing here until the next crisis comes along. And if the Security Council fails to adopt the Japanese proposal, the prospect will be for a long, unpleasant wrangle in the General Assembly, which will have before it both the Russian and American resolutions that were rejected in the Security Council last week—the first calling for withdrawal of our troops and a condemnation of "American aggression," the second for the replacement of our troops with an armed U.N. force. The Russian resolution would have no chance of passage, but the speeches in its favor would be blared over Radio Cairo for weeks on



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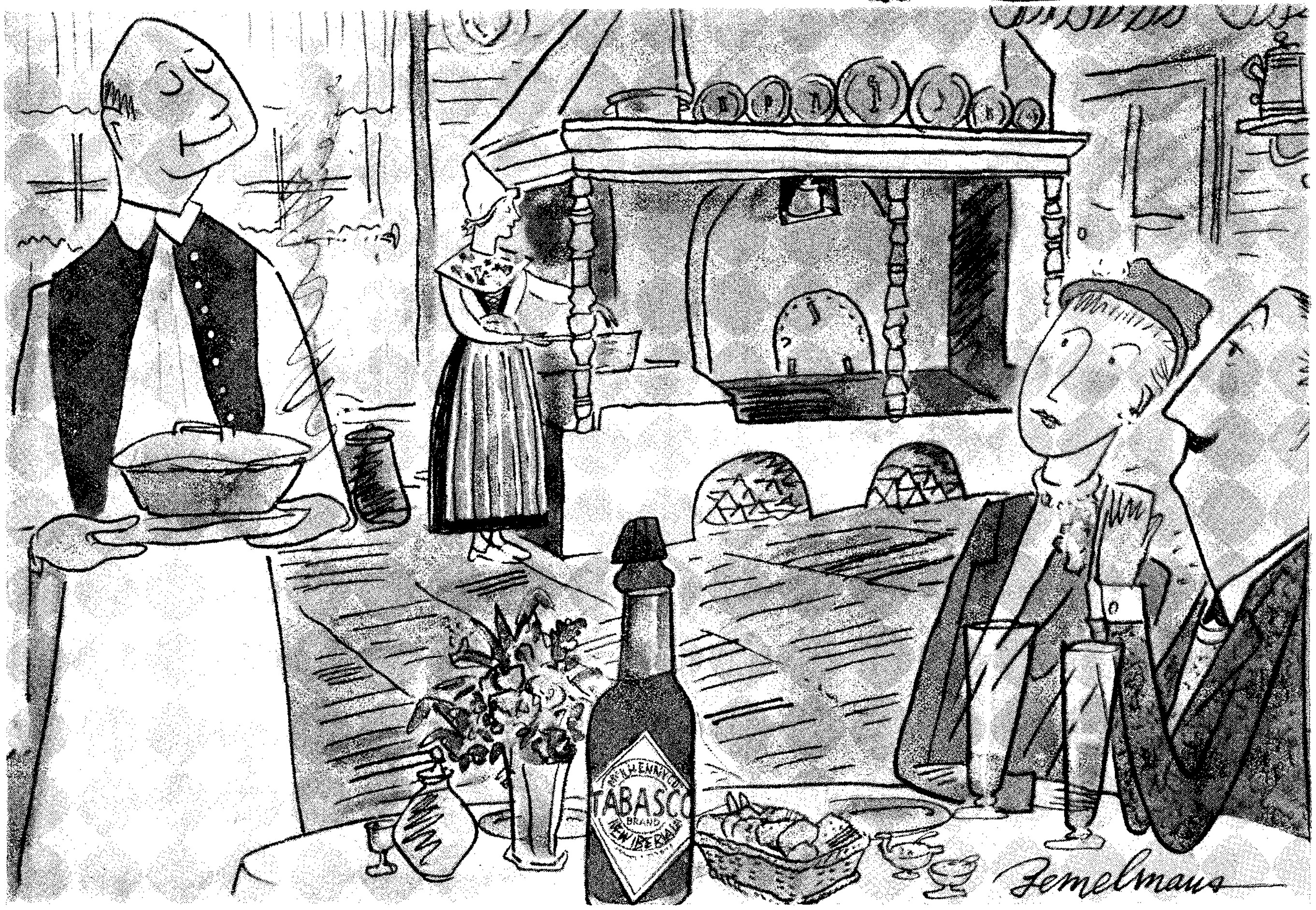
A well seasoned traveler's guide to Tabasco



I find a "hint of home" in a famous Swedish dish

When I first ordered meat balls in Sweden, I expected them to be as different from ours as their native name, "Köttbullar." Yet, somehow, something tasted familiar... When I inquired about it, the host at our small inn replied, "Sir, you are correct. The secret of the flavor is your own native Tabasco. We use it to season Swedish dishes." Then he gave me these recipes:

KÖTTBULLAR

Swedish Meat Balls

- **3 tablespoons chopped onion**
- **1 teaspoon butter**
- **½ cup bread cubes**
- **½ cup milk**
- **1 egg**
- **1½ teaspoons salt**
- **½ teaspoon allspice**
- **½ teaspoon Tabasco**
- **1 pound ground beef**
- **½ pound ground pork**
- **1 tablespoon flour**
- **1 cup cream**

Cook onion in butter until tender; soak bread in milk. Add these with egg, 1 tsp. salt, allspice and half the Tabasco to meat. Mix lightly and shape into 36 balls. Brown slowly in lightly greased pan; remove and set in warm oven. Stir in flour, remaining salt, Tabasco and then cream to brown bits to make a gravy. Pour over meat balls. 4 to 6 servings.

ÄRTER MED FLÄSK

Yellow Pea Soup with Pork

- **1 pound dried yellow or green peas**
- **3 quarts water**
- **1 pound smoked pork shoulder**
- **1 medium onion, chopped**
- **1 teaspoon each salt and marjoram**
- **½ teaspoon Tabasco**

Wash peas. Combine ingredients and bring to a boil; cover and simmer slowly until meat is tender, 2 to 3 hours. Remove pork. Serve soup with side dish of sliced pork with mustard sauce.

Mustard Sauce: Mix 2 tbsp. prepared mustard, ½ tsp. horseradish, ¼ tsp. Tabasco.

Of course, you needn't serve foreign fare to enjoy the wonders of Tabasco. It adds a touch of magic to America's favorite everyday foods as well. For instance, try:

- 3 drops on your breakfast eggs.
- 4 drops in a glass of tomato juice.
- ½ teaspoon in a pint of mayonnaise

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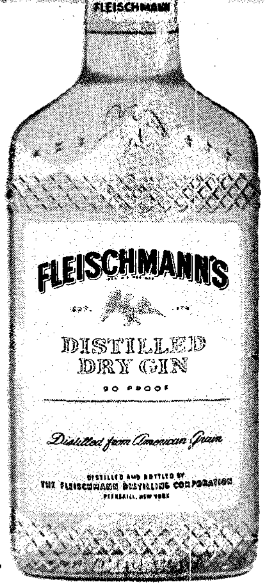
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DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY end. In time, the American resolution might get the necessary two-thirds vote—our major allies are solidly behind us, and a combination of the great Western powers and all their client states should be sufficient to carry the day against the Russians, their satellites, and those of the Bandung powers that would be ranged against us—but the victory would probably be meaningless in political terms; it would take so long to come that the situation in Lebanon would very likely bear slight resemblance to the one that the resolution was intended to deal with. Even if the situation remained the same, it is hard to see how the fruits of victory—an armed U.N. force between the feeble rebels in Beirut and their Syrian sympathizers—would be worth the price we would have to pay. Indeed, it is hard for anyone here to see any really satisfactory outcome for the present American policy in the U.N. Our friends and critics are agreed that neither our intervention in Lebanon nor the course of action we have been urging on the Security Council makes very much sense in United Nations terms. This is not to say that it is unsound or immoral, or not in accord with international law; on the contrary, the difficulties we have been encountering may reveal more about what is wrong with this Parliament of Man next door to Tudor City than what is wrong with President Eisenhower's pursuit of the national interest at the far end of the Mediterranean. Under international law, one sovereign state may aid another whenever the party of the second part requests such aid. This covers the Lebanese situation nicely (it would also, to be sure, cover the loan of fifty or sixty Russian divisions to the United Arab Republic), but Article 51 of the United Nations Charter, which President Eisenhower claimed as a sanction for the landings in Lebanon, says something else altogether. Article 51 says that "nothing in the present Charter shall impair the inherent right of individual or collective self-defense, if an armed attack occurs against a member of the organization, until the Security Council has taken the measures necessary to maintain international peace and security." The U.N. was established to deter aggression, not revolution, and "armed attack" means an assault upon one power by another, not an armed uprising of the discontented. Ambassador Lodge's instructions last Tuesday morning were to square the President's decision with Article 51. It was an impossible task. Quite apart from the fact that recent press reports out of Lebanon had been largely devoted to

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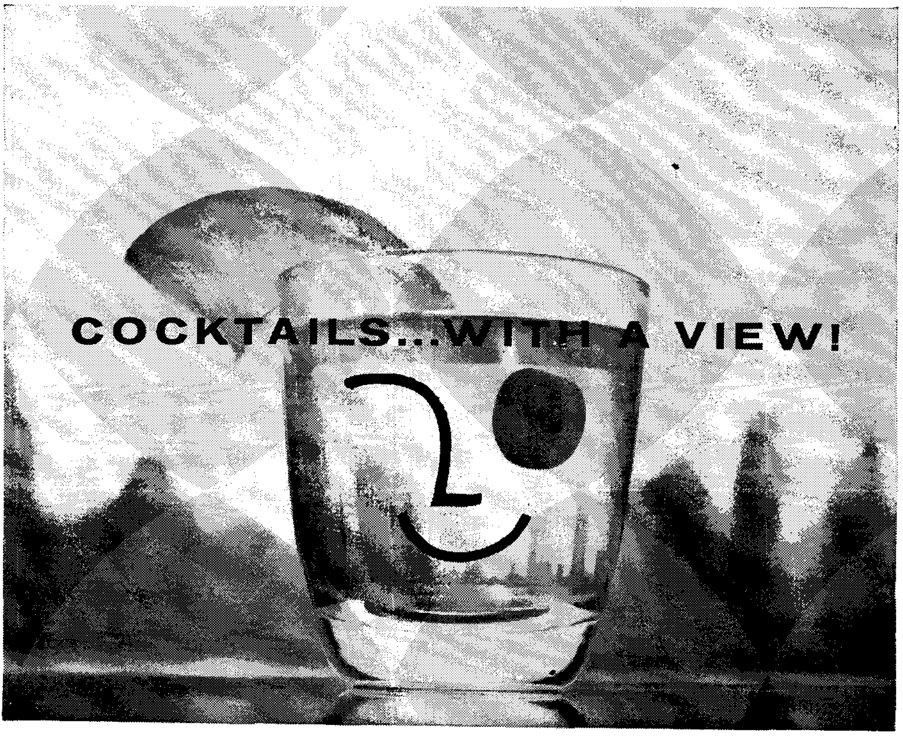

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the happy intelligence that the revolt was petering out, there was the fact of the report of the U.N. observers on the scene, who said that the commotion was in the main a civil disturbance, with no signs of the "massive infiltration" that President Chamoun had been talking about. Mr. Hammarskjöld, on his return from Beirut, confirmed this report.

The American mission here, aided by State Department dialecticians and hurriedly declassified reports from the Central Intelligence Agency, did as much as it could for Ambassador Lodge. Someone came up with the theory of "indirect aggression," and the C.I.A. provided enough instances of aid to the rebels from the United Arab Republic to demonstrate that Colonel Nasser had an interest in the outcome, and that the rebels were working with imported firearms. But there were very few people to whom the theory seemed either sound or applicable, and at least some of the C.I.A.'s findings were as close to hearsay as some of John Fox's stories about Sherman Adams and Bernard Goldfine. (Mr. Sobolev, according to the running translation of his comments, described them as "O.W.A.W.—or 'one woman told another woman'—stories.") In any case, the American argument relied on an unworldly concept of a civil war as a conflict altogether shielded from outside influences. There has never been such a civil war in modern times; in every struggle for power within a nation, both sides have appealed to friends in other countries. There was plenty of gunrunning and foreign financing in our own Civil War, and there would be great surprise in Washington if it could be shown that the very agency that provided Ambassador Lodge with such documentation as he had never did anything to aid or put down insurrections in other countries. The Ambassador may have been right in saying that if the U.N. can't take steps to deal with "indirect aggression," it may fall to pieces, but the feeling here is that the dangers of the approach he has been taking are every bit as grave as those of the one he has argued against. For if the Charter could justify our response in Lebanon, it could equally well justify the Russians in moving into Syria or Iraq.

It was not, of course, any defect of logic in our case that led to its defeat last week. Eight members of the Security Council voted with us, and we would have had our way if it hadn't been for the Soviet veto. In the General Assembly, we will have to make the same case all over again, and although the out-

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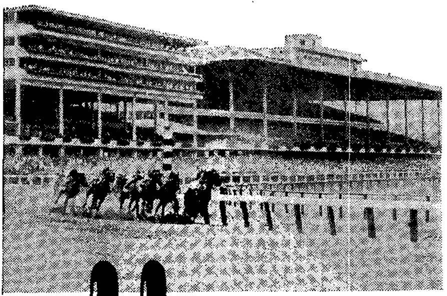

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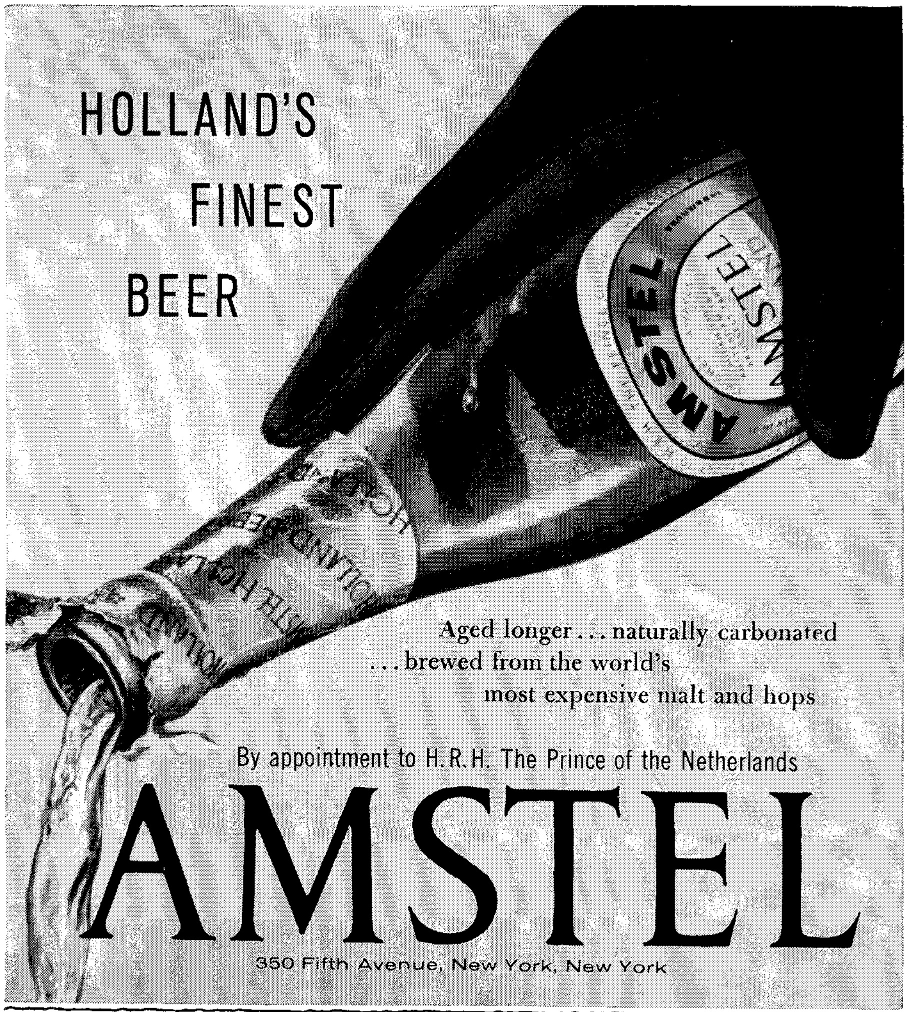
come will not hang on the quality of our reasoning, we will once more risk having our antagonists make the worse cause look like the better one. Substantially the same problem confronts the administration in Congress, where the intervention has to be justified—or so, at least, the administration appears to think—under the Eisenhower Doctrine, which fits the facts even less well than Article 51 of the Charter. (The Eisenhower Doctrine empowers the President to take action against "armed aggression from any [Middle Eastern] country controlled by international Communism.") The everlasting curse of American diplomacy is its way of becoming trapped by its own rhetoric. We need phrases and formulations and "doctrines" for everything we do, and these tend to obscure the essential realities. The essential reality in the Middle East right now is a Pan-Arabism that we identify as "nationalism" but that actually is dissolving nations and forming a federation of peoples who inhabit territories that have resources essential to our allies. We can't do much to hinder its development without running the risk of bringing about a world war, and we can't ignore it without relinquishing our leadership of the Western democracies. Our choices are few; in fact, there may be only one, as all our policymakers know, and that is to acknowledge the existence of Pan-Arabism and seek a way of living with it. This we have not begun to do. Instead, we have worked ourselves into a position of apologizing in wholly irrelevant terms for our maiden effort in trying to slow the pace of the Arab revolution, and also into a position where we may be forced to negotiate with the Russians, not with the Arabs—Colonel Nasser, evidently, is not to be invited to the summit conference that Khrushchev has proposed—for recognition of our position in the Middle East.

NO observation has been more frequently made throughout these last few exhausting and seemingly misspent days than that the United Nations has once again demonstrated its obsolescence. The Security Council, it is said, is incapable of dealing with anything that is really concerned with security. The veto power makes negotiation impossible here; even a summit meeting, where the participants are men of true power and are under heavy pressure to get something done, can produce solider results. It used to be said that at least the Security Council had great value as a forum for debate;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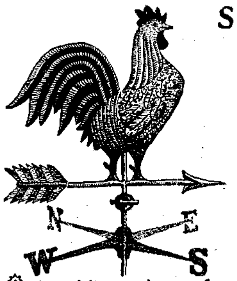

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nowadays, it is more often said that because of its peculiar composition and its cumbersome procedures it is inevitable that the questions of real substance—the things that are truly at issue in the world beyond this compound—will not be talked about here. Time is frittered away in discussing whether it would be a frittering away of time to allow delegates to explain their votes immediately upon casting them, and in soliciting the views of a delegate from a shadow government of China, and in debating whether or not a delegate from a shadow government of Iraq has the right to be seated. Not even the heat and passions of events are felt here; as one watches the delegates bantering in the corners, snoozing in their chairs, or sipping drinks in the Delegates' Lounge during the interminable French and English translations and the frequent seizures of protocol, it is difficult in the extreme to be convinced that any of this has anything to do with the making and breaking of nations, with kings being shot in their palaces and princes being torn to bits in the streets, with angry crowds, with Marines in battle dress, or with the disposition of the basic fuel of the world's industry. Everything seems to be outside this sanctum; everyone seems intent on bypassing it. It makes an attempt to keep the peace in Lebanon, and the President of the United States, holding that the effort is inadequate, dispatches the Marines. It shows signs of coming to life with something like the Japanese proposal, and the Premier of the Soviet Union demands a summit meeting in Geneva.

For all that, there is one accomplishment of the past week that cannot be denied the U.N. In a moment that appeared to hold the possibility of universal destruction, it focussed the world's attention on an effort, however forlorn, at a settlement. It is barely possible that a concentration on irrelevancies and trivialities, on fudged issues and procedural delays, is just the thing to keep the worst from coming to pass. It's just possible that if, upon the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand, the world's diplomats had been able to score debating points on one another before television cameras, catastrophe might have been averted.

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BLANKET, by A. A. Murray (Vanguard). A tale of Africa at the present time. In obedience to his father, who is chief of his tribe, a gentle young man named Lepotane takes a reluctant part in a tribal ceremony that involves human sacrifice. This ceremony, which is known as *liretla*, is called for whenever certain parts of a human body are needed by the medicine man for use in his tonic mixtures. It is essential that the victim be taken by surprise, so the *liretla* victim is usually set upon and killed in a lonely place at night. The *liretla* in which Lepotane participates has a separate aspect that has nothing to do with the requirements of the medicine man. In this case, the intended victim, Maburu, is the lover of the tribal chief's young wife, and he has also informed the police of the chief's habit of stealing sheep. The chief presents Maburu with a blanket of unusual design to wrap himself in, so that he can be easily identified as he rides alone at night. The *liretla* is quickly over, but when the murderers start cutting up the corpse, they realize that they have killed the chief's elder son Simpi, who, knowing nothing of the *liretla* plans, had allowed Maburu to lend him the fatal blanket. In his guilt and grief, Lepotane confesses everything to the police, and we have a long account of a murder trial according to English law. It is Mrs. Murray's intention to illuminate the mind of an uneducated black man at the moment when he becomes aware that the ways of his fathers are not all good or right. She does not succeed in penetrating into Lepotane's mind at any time, and her treatment of a character who actually represents a racial dilemma would have been strengthened if the *liretla* had gone as planned and Maburu had been killed. Her work is not profound, but it is well and economically written and has something of the air and effect of a fable, being remote, cool, easy to understand, and not very moving.

AS MUSIC AND SPLENDOUR, by Kate O'Brien (Harper). A solid novel—romantic, sentimental, and conversational—about the glorious success of two penniless young Irish sopranos who travel to Rome to find their places in the world of music. The

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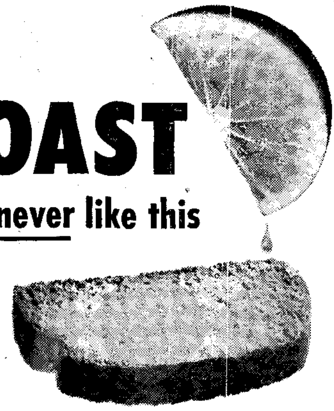
story begins in 1886, when Clare Halvey and Rose Lennane, both sixteen, are placed by charitable friends in a Paris convent, where the worth of their voices is tested and measured, and progresses, after a few months, to Italy and the operatic scene. Miss O'Brien brings her heroines well along into the first lap of their careers of fame and (according to their different capacities) of pleasure, points out the probable directions of their separate lives, and leaves them in their radiance but—since they are very human and real girls—not in the complete happiness and satisfaction that they might have attained as the reward of their fairy-tale adventures.

THE SLOT, by John Clagett (Crown). Mr. Clagett's simplehearted idealism and the force of his emotion triumph to some extent over the sprightly awkwardness of his writing and the curious banality of all his characters. One gets the impression that this was a story he had to tell, and that one of his most insistent impulses was to kill his hero off, or seem to kill him off, as many times as possible. The hero, Lieutenant Charles Noble, who is worshipped by his author as well as by the crew of the PT boat he commands, faces his fate in February, 1943, in the battle for Guadalcanal. About half of the story takes place a few months earlier, and is devoted to an account of Lieutenant Noble's romance with the wife of his commanding officer when both officers are stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

MATTERS OF CONCERN, by Stanley Baron (Little, Brown). Reed Mullen is a young New York publicity man whose impulse to protect weak, exhibitionistic, and occasionally vicious young women from the consequences of their actions has led him into trouble in the past and will undoubtedly lead him into trouble again and again in the years to come. Mr. Baron deals here with a pause in Reed's life, when he seems to be trying to free himself of crippling entanglements, but the pause turns out to be only an interlude, and when it is over, Reed heads straight back into the company of the predatory waifs whose victim he is determined to be. The scene is New York City and, during the interlude, Leesburg, Virginia. The mood is intense and the writing is perfunctory.

THE SUMMER LOVERS, by Hollis Alpert (Knopf). East Hampton (or



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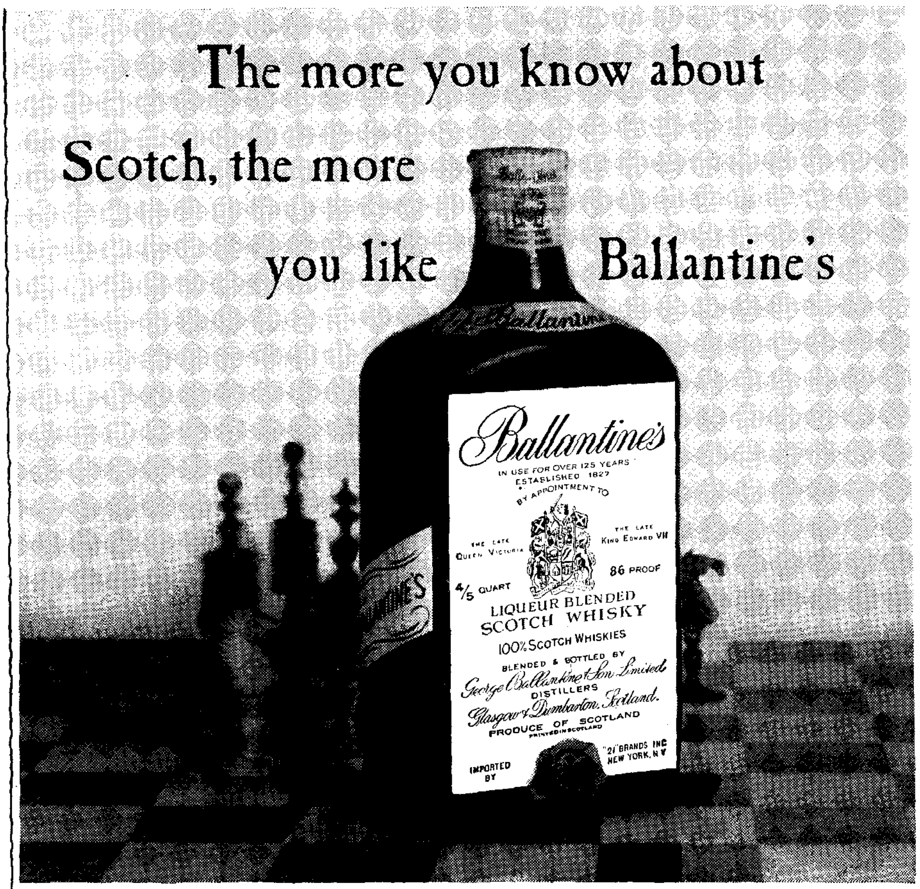
East Nines, as the author, in a half-hearted effort at disguise, calls it here) is the scene of this cheerful elucidation of the power of sea, sun, and holiday leisure to precipitate emotional crises. Mr. Alpert is perhaps a little too preoccupied with demonstrating his familiarity with the geography, the history, and the upper-bohemian culture (as well as the lives of certain actual residents) of his chosen resort, but when he eventually abandons this self-indulgent fiddling, he sweeps us into a most beguiling story about a young girl's attempted ascent to maturity at the not unwilling expense of a married middle-aged professor. Indeed, it is not too much to say that in the latter he has created a truly impressive portrait of a polished counterfeit, a desperate failure, and a pathetic hollow man.

THE HARD BLUE SKY, by Shirley Ann Grau (Knopf). A large and delicately colored panorama of summertime on a hot and lonely island off the coast of Louisiana. Miss Grau introduces many men, women, and children into her work, but she allows no one to become more than incidental to her main theme, which is the nature and character, and the unpredictable mood, of the island itself. The human beings in the book are sketched with affection and care, but with the exception of Annie, a rebellious adolescent, none of them are essential except as part of their author's design. The time is the present.

GENERAL

THE GOLDEN TRADE OF THE MOORS, by E. W. Bovill (Oxford). An utterly enthralling, scholarly study of a rather special subject—the history of trans-Saharan trade. The Sahara has always been a fearful barrier, and yet, as far back as history goes, men have crossed it to make money. The Carthaginians and Romans had a steady import-export business across it, but the nomadic Arabs, who in the seventh century erupted into the countries along Africa's Mediterranean coast (and who turned once fertile North Africa into an eroded no man's land), were the greatest organizers of trans-Saharan trade. Their caravans brought salt to the Negro kingdoms south of the Sahara and came away with gold and slaves. All parties to the trading were so secretive about just what they were doing that a dull adobe town like Timbuctoo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could become a world-famous symbol of glamour simply because it was one of the traders' markets. Mr. Bovill is very blunt about Timbuctoo—and, indeed, about all the hot little towns and the sharp traders and the brutal rulers who figure in his book—but his truths turn out to be splendidly romantic.

CHANNEL DASH, by Terence Robertson (Dutton). A reconstruction, written in rapid, popping journalese, of perhaps the rudest day in English naval history. On February 11, 1942, a huge German battle fleet, including the cruisers Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, and Prinz Eugen, and six large destroyers, escaped from Brest, steamed in broad daylight through the Strait of Dover, and reached home waters with only minor damage. The British, who had been expecting the maneuver for almost a year—but at night—were caught flat-footed: A spy in Brest was unable to alert London of the departure; a British submarine stationed outside Brest missed it, as did several air-reconnaissance patrols; the British coastal radar screens were hopelessly jammed by the Germans, a condition stubbornly attributed to atmospheric disturbance; and when the fleet was finally discovered in the Strait, almost fourteen hours after it had set out, all that could be mustered against it were six antiquated biplane torpedo bombers, a handful of PT boats, some First World War destroyers, and a large assortment of bombers and fighter planes, most of which could not even find the fleet because of bad weather. Churchill summed up the event late that night, when, after being informed of the botch by the First Sea Lord, on the phone, he paused for a long moment, said "Why?," and hung up. Photographs.

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Sheraton-Syracuse Inn
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Sheraton-Warrior
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Sherat [illegible] er
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CEDAR [illegible] owa
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